

JANUARY Ten Cents

Chatelaine



Alan Wilson

Blind Man's Buff

by MARTHA BANNING THOMAS



KINCAID JEROME, week-end guest at Copper Beeches, met Nance Dunbar halfway up the broad, hall stairs. She was carrying a hatchet in one hand, her hat in the other.

"What," demanded Kincaid, "are you doing with that hatchet?"

"I cannot tell a lie. I am about to chop down my cherry dresser."

"And I may say . . . you look as if you meant it. Is it *your* cherry dresser?"

"No, it's Aunt Sarah's."

Kincaid Jerome was tall and lean and brown and homely. Nance had often told him that he reminded her of an undernourished 'cello. But for all her jeering, she was perfectly aware of his magnificent figure and his smile which made you wary, lest it convince you when argument failed. He turned the smile on now, full voltage, but Nance breezed by in airy detachment.

"Why should a gay girl, on a brisk winter morning, wish to butcher a cherry dresser?" He grasped her wrist, and now that his fingers touched her arm he felt the pulse of her mood, high and racing.

"Because," she answered in a tight voice, "I hate it!" And he knew she was telling the truth.

"Little—Nance!" he said gently.

"It is Aunt Sarah's cherry dresser, though it used to belong to Aunt Mathilda. For twenty years I've loathed its smug, polished front, where I used to see

the distorted reflection of my face as a child. Now, in its dotage, the drawers stick and squeak. One leg is shorter than the others, which makes the whole silly thing totter; and my toilet-water bottle falls over on its face. Today, ten minutes ago, to be exact, I decided to smash it to flinders. I think I have never," she gave him a chill, defiant smile, "anticipated a more delicious moment."

"I can understand the impulse thoroughly. But have you considered the consequences?"

"A coward's excuse for not admitting fear! I shall inform Aunt Sarah of the affair, when the chips lie scattered on the floor."

Now the man's glance was grave. "Something hurtful has happened to you."

"You are so astute," she mocked him.

His lean, likable, homely face looked up into hers with humor and concern.

"Be a game little sport and confess."

"It's a riddle. Guess it if you can. If a cataclysm can be called an annoyance, then a catastrophe—is a problem." She wrenched her hand free and sped up the stairs. A door slammed. At once there were loud sounds of rending wood.

Kincaid remained where she had left him. "Bad news, or I'm a woodchuck. I seem to recall the postman's bell. It rang exactly ten minutes ago. Letters . . . Poor little Nance! The cherry dresser is standing in for the whipping-boy."

Illustrated by John F. Clymer

Chatelaine

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THERE'S A LOT happening in this issue, when you come to consider it...

A young couple adopt a baby boy—and have plenty of adventures and difficulties in adjusting their little girl to her new companion. A new kind of serial. Enthralling, I promise you—full of the stuff that makes for interesting arguments. By James W. Drawbell.

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story, cabled over within an hour or so of the actual wedding, just made this issue in time. It's a rich description of a glamorous event.

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A young modern finds happiness. Brittle, hard-faced young Page went to another dance, and "Under Cover of Music" was able to retrieve her happiness. A romantic tale of the young folk of today told by Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger—a big name in magazine fiction.

And a cherry dresser is smashed. Nothing much to get excited over, perhaps, until you really know what caused the uproar in "Blind Man's Buff"—to my mind, one of the most delightful stories Miss Thomas, of Nova Scotia, has written.—*The Editor*.

NEXT MONTH—"Bread on the Waters," an arresting new Canadian novel by Allan Swinton and "Trunk Call," by Nan O'Reilly.

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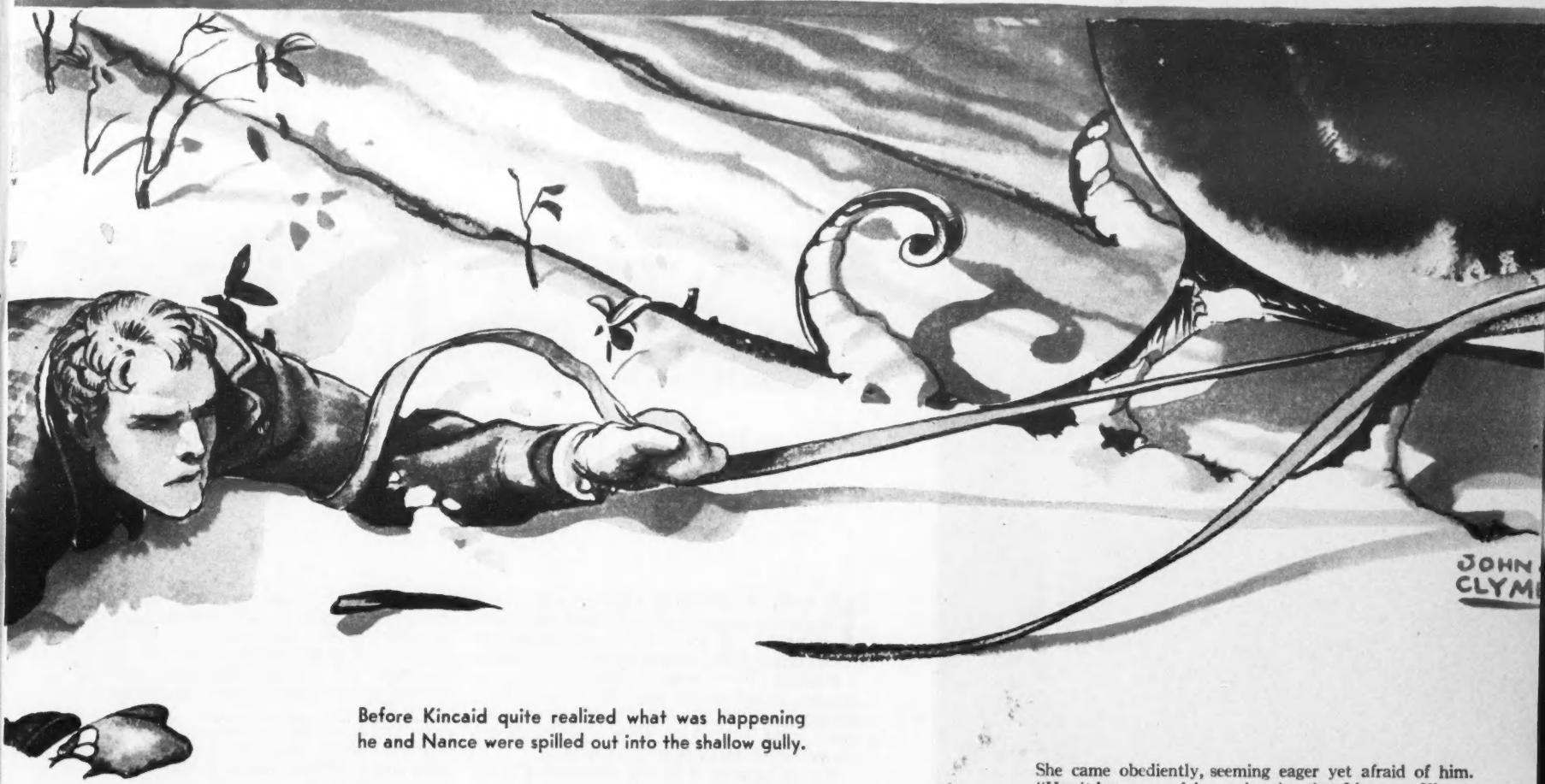
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Before Kincaid quite realized what was happening he and Nance were spilled out into the shallow gully.

at him quietly, in a kind of masked despair. He took a long chance. "Oh, yes, indeed, many times. What a very remarkable fellow he must be."

Now she had bent her head so that he saw the parting in her hair, the dark lashes shadowing her cheeks.

"Michael is the only son of my niece Mathilda. And my niece Mathilda," Miss Dunbar spoke decisively as if instructing a class at school, "was the only daughter of my sister Mathilda. My sister was far older than I, which accounts for my having a grand-nephew five years older than Nance."

"Of course," agreed Kincaid. And wondered what difference that made.

"Nance has told me so much about you, how kind you were to her and her companion when you met abroad, that it's been a genuine pleasure to have you visit us. This is like home to Nance, who was left an orphan at an early age."

"Aunt Sarah talks like a primer," thought the man, but he admired her well-groomed good looks, and aristocratic bearing.

COFFEE WAS served in the living room, and after it, Kincaid asked a favor of his hostess. "For years and years," he bent his smile upon her, "I've yearned to ride in a one-horse sleigh. Bells jingling, plumes waving, and whip cracking. Unfortunately I've spent most of my time in the south, where there is nothing of the sort. I've already been bold enough to hire the conveyance and I hope you'll forgive me. I promise to bring Nance home early."

Miss Dunbar graciously acknowledged that possibly a sleigh ride would be pleasant though somewhat cold.

Nance threw Kincaid a grateful smile. She left the room, quickly reappearing in a red wool frock, bright as a cardinal flower.

The sleigh glided over the snow on smooth runners. The bells shook out a merry music on the straight course, and broke the fine rhythm of their jingling on the curves.

Nance wore a small hat of astrakhan. Above the fur collar of her coat, her eyes stared straight ahead.

"Was I awfully crude to drag you away like this?" asked Kincaid.

"No," she said in a low voice, "it was an answer to prayer."

He felt her arm warm against his. "What's hurting you, little Nance? Can't you tell me now?"

"No, not yet. Let's fill our lungs with this sweet, cold air."

Black, mysterious trees fingering the night; the lake still as stone, and friendly orange lights shining from farmhouse windows. Jingle, jingle, jingle! On and on through the cold, starry, country evening.

"Not so fast now, please," the girl murmured beside him. He drew the horse to a slower pace.

"Isn't it thrillingly, heavenly clear?" breathed Nance. "The air has a frosty, untouchable quality. Strange how the mere breathing it in can heal the bruises of your heart."

"When you said, just now, that my invitation to ride was an answer to prayer, what was the prayer?"

Again her hand lay on his arm. He saw her shadowed eyes in the whiteness of her face. "I wanted a little respite from the house and Aunt Sarah before—"

"All right," he interrupted her. "I won't bother you with any more questions."

On and on. Fine particles of snow stung their cheeks. Now the sleigh topped a hill, and there was spread before them the black and white landscape of the valley. Kincaid drew the horse to a stop. "Let's rest here a bit," he suggested, "A fine view and a grand place to unload the mind. I want to get ahead of whatever you might be going to tell me. I have an idea," his voice deepened, "that the good old bugbear of honor might barge into things later and seal my lips. If," he added lightly, "I'm the gentleman I kid myself into thinking I am."

She gave a smothered laugh.

Now his free hand reached under the robe and caught both her mitten ones in a warm, firm grasp. "You know all about it, dear, without my adding a syllable. You know I love you—have loved you from the very moment I glimpsed your pert, flushed, lovely face getting all red and mad at the customs examinator on the Bavarian frontier. I've said

nothing because I wanted you to have plenty of time to see me in my—er—tweeds, as it were, my everyday, commonplace being. But I can wait no longer. This morning when I saw you whirling upstairs with a hatchet in your hand, and a sort of hurt, little-girl fury in your eyes, I just couldn't endure it. I know somehow that I'm making things hard for you by telling you this. That there is some big, personal problem hedging you in. That's why I'm telling you before you explain anything. So you'll feel my love and sympathy and affection. But," he turned his face away, and she saw his strong, homely profile against the stars, "I'm not going to be *too* noble, you understand. I'll fight for you, and I'll get you if," back came his eyes burning in the dark, "you love me."

Nance made a swift scrabbling under the bearskin robe and jumped out of the sleigh, a little figure panting in the cold. "Don't—please! Oh, I shouldn't have come! What shall I do?" Her voice wailed and broke.

Kincaid stepped from the sleigh on his side, holding the reins. "Come on over here," he said sensibly. "Let's walk for a change."

She came obediently, seeming eager yet afraid of him. "Has it been so awful . . . hearing that I love you?" "I cannot discuss it." Her voice sounded prim and sharp. "I'm very sorry. Shall we walk now?"

THE SNOW under their feet had that joyous squeal all children love to hear on winter mornings. Once the man's arm swept impulsively toward her. "What is it, dear? It seems ridiculous, unreal, your attitude toward me."

At this she moved away from him. "I'll tell you about the cherry dresser." Her feet scuffed up crystal clouds at every step. Her voice was quiet. "The very first thing I saw, or remembered seeing, when I came to live with Aunt Sarah after my mother died, was the cherry dresser. It stood up against the wall like a policeman. I was as tall as the second drawer, and when I saw my own face reflected in it, I thought a hideous second-self was leering out at me. Aunt Sarah said, 'This dresser belonged to your Aunt Mathilda when she was a little girl. I am told that she was always a sweet, docile, well-behaved child. She kept her belongings neat and tidy in the drawers. I shall expect you to do the same.' After that she left me alone with it: which was a great mistake—a very great mistake."

The breath from the horse's nostrils plumed out in the cold air.

"So, quite naturally," continued Nance, "I went right over and kicked a leg as violently as I could. It must have been wobbly anyway, because it just folded up, and off slid everything from the top, crash-bang on the floor with a terrible racket. Back came Aunt Sarah. My first afternoon at Copper Beeches was spent crying in bed, with the window shades drawn."

Kincaid laughed. Down in the valley a long jewelled snake coiled among the houses. "That's the ten o'clock train," Nance remarked absentmindedly, then went on with her narrative. "The more I heard about how good and sweet Aunt Mathilda was as a child, the more I loathed the cherry dresser. I'd push at it until I could creep behind and write with colored crayons on the back, 'I hate you.' I drew faces with tongues sticking out. I dug tiny scratches with a pin at the edge of the carving where it could not show. Sometimes I'd steal a big mixing-spoon from the kitchen and stir up every drawer into the most elegant muss; then call Aunt Sarah to see the results. I was a wayward, wilful child."

"And it's my guess, a darned pretty one, with those black, dancing curls," chuckled Kincaid.

"Thanks," said the girl. "I was happy enough, I suppose. Later I was sent away to boarding school, yet the minute I saw the odious dresser in my room during vacations, all the silly rebellion flooded over me." She paused to kick up a great shower of snowy crystals, "Aunt Mathilda had a daughter by the same name, as you were told tonight at dinner. And this daughter married and had a son. His name is Michael Salters."

[Continued on page 29]

A romantic tale, telling of
the struggle for happiness
of young Nance Dunbar,
. . . engaged to a blind
man and loving him . . .
until she met another



He longed to comfort her, to hold her lightness and loveliness in his arms. "Crack down on that, my boy," he warned himself. "You don't know anything yet."

Now he was aware that Miss Sarah Dunbar, in a gown of heliotrope, with cream lace at the throat, stood at the foot of the stairs. Moreover, she had the unmistakable appearance of a woman about to ascend.

Kincaid smiled at her warmly and started down the stairs. "Have you seen my niece?" enquired Miss Sarah Dunbar.

The guest began to shout in a large, covering tone. "Did you happen to notice that several windows in your greenhouse are broken by the weight of the snow? I'm afraid your beautiful blooms will suffer."

Miss Dunbar looked unconvinced. "There seems," she said in her clear voice which sounded like silver shears clipping through wrapping paper, "to be a good bit of racket upstairs in Nance's room. What can it mean?"

Kincaid rushed down at her. "If I can get your coat I'll show you personally about the greenhouse. Something really must be done at once." He found her coat. He threw it around her shoulders. Now they were out of the house, walking a shovelled path between yew hedges. Just as they turned from the wintry garden into the greenhouse vestibule, a second story window banged up. Out of it shot a plump, carved, wooden leg of polished cherry. This was followed in dizzy succession by three more plump, carved wooden legs of polished cherry. Then came a meteoric stream of brass handles, jagged splinters, and the blinding swoop of a square mirror as it caught the sun, twisted in the air, and crashed in crystals on the frosty stones. The amazing display wound up with a small fat stuffed object which bounced blithely over the stones straight to their feet.

Miss Dunbar's grey eyes kindled with bleak amusement. "That was my sister Mathilda's blue satin pincushion. And I very much doubt, young man, if a single pane of glass in the conservatory has been broken."

They returned to the house. Miss Dunbar did not, as Kincaid anticipated, go upstairs. Instead she lingered by the fireplace, one slim foot on the brass fender, her marble-like, aristocratic features warmed by the light from leaping flames.

Complete and sudden silence reigned upstairs.

"Have you heard," she asked, apropos of nothing, "that my grand-nephew, Michael Salters, can see after seven years of blindness? We have been anxiously waiting for weeks. This was to be his final chance of success. He has had several operations before—very difficult, very delicate and painful, none successful. He has tried many specialists here and abroad, poor boy, and been cruelly disappointed each time. The glad news about this last operation came to us this morning."

THAT EVENING, at dinner, Nance looked like a nun fettered by misery. She wore a plain gown of heavy crinkled satin which fell from throat to heels in sheathlike simplicity. Her hair was parted in the middle, a demure, tantalizing introduction to the black tousle of curls at the back of her

head. Her lips were geranium red, her eyes dark, proud, and wretched.

Aunt Sarah wore a royal shade of purple; rings gleamed on her fingers.

Kincaid talked and talked of anything, to protect Nance. He had never seen a girl suffer so obviously, yet with such unyielding arrogance.

Aunt Sarah did not refer to the cherry dresser, nor had she all day. She, too, in a different manner, seemed caught up in a remote and difficult mood. Old Judy waddled in and out of the dining room serving them. Once Kincaid saw her pause beside Nance's chair, offering her a delicacy with special solicitude. "You got to eat, honey," she whispered, "or you'll blow away to nothin', sure!" Her dark face was kind and worried.

"I hope, Kincaid," said Aunt Sarah, "that you'll be able to stay here a few days longer, so you may become acquainted with my grand-nephew, Michael, who is coming tomorrow."

"Thanks, I'd like to very much." He was about to make some further enquiry, yet instinct warned him to risk no mistakes.

"Has Nance told you anything of my grand-nephew's trouble?"

The man's swift look swept Nance's pale face. She looked

IN ADOPTION

by
JAMES WEDGWOOD DRAWBELL

I shall set out in the course of the next few paragraphs, it was difficult to do even this.

So, to the surprise alike of those friends who wired, "We take off our hats to you;" to the others who said, "The Drawbells have gone mad," we took the plunge for adoption. We took it, as I have said, in no spirit of bravado, and certainly in no way thinking that it would be an easy thing to carry through, or that it would necessarily be a triumph. We were aware as anybody else of those risks and responsibilities. And as we planned to commit ourselves to a definite legal adoption and not to a tentative experimental one, out of which, at the end of an unsuccessful period, we might dispense with the boy whence he had come, we took the step in no mood of light-hearted fun. But it did seem to us the only thing to do.

Short of both the parents of the baby (or of either) being criminally lunatic or diseased—a point on which we could almost certainly satisfy ourselves—we did believe that a good job might be made out of our plan from the boy's point of view. He would have a great deal in his favor. He would have a home, a background, a child companion, parents unpossessive enough in their attitude as likely to give him a fair measure of affection and impartial service. But we were not rich. We had no assured continuity of income, but only the money we made out of the precarious profession of journalism.

The venture, as we saw it, was actually a much more hazardous one from our own girl's point of view; and it was the case, as we had anticipated, that much of our effort in the first year had to be directed to the adjustment of the girl and not to the boy. For the boy, John, it wasn't such a bad show. But for Diana, it was her first conflict with life and her first mental adjustment to its social requirements.

• • •

DIANA WAS two years old and it was her fortune that we had chosen to live, just before she was born, in a lovely part of the country, but her misfortune that the neighborhood was inhabited mostly by elderly retired people. It was the case that my wife, Marjorie, and I were the youngest couple in the immediate vicinity, and our advent caused something of a minor disturbance and a certain amount of good-natured head-wagging. Marjorie at the time of our settling there was twenty-six and I was thirty-one; and as in that district forty was considered a boy's age and sixty a man in his prime, the arrival of two youngsters like ourselves foreboded the worst. There was quite a lot of quiet talk, I know, about "bright young people." Perhaps even discussions about "what was the country coming to," and I have no doubt that numbers of people who had visualized themselves being carried to their final resting-place from that happy spot, must have begun to contemplate disposing of their property. A number of "To be sold" boards did indeed put in an

appearance in the neighborhood. When, therefore, Diana came along—the only child born in the district since the relief of Mafeking—the retired ones raised their eyes to heaven and wondered what they had done to deserve this. Poor Diana. What had she done to deserve it?

In this beautiful but childless part of the country she grew up. In the first year, which was not too important from the point of view of other childish companionship, her friends were her toys, the trees, the birds, Tawny (our Alsatian dog), the gardener, the maid, ourselves, the grown-up friends who called on us, and an occasional stray waif of another child who wandered in from the outside world where perhaps there were lots more like it.

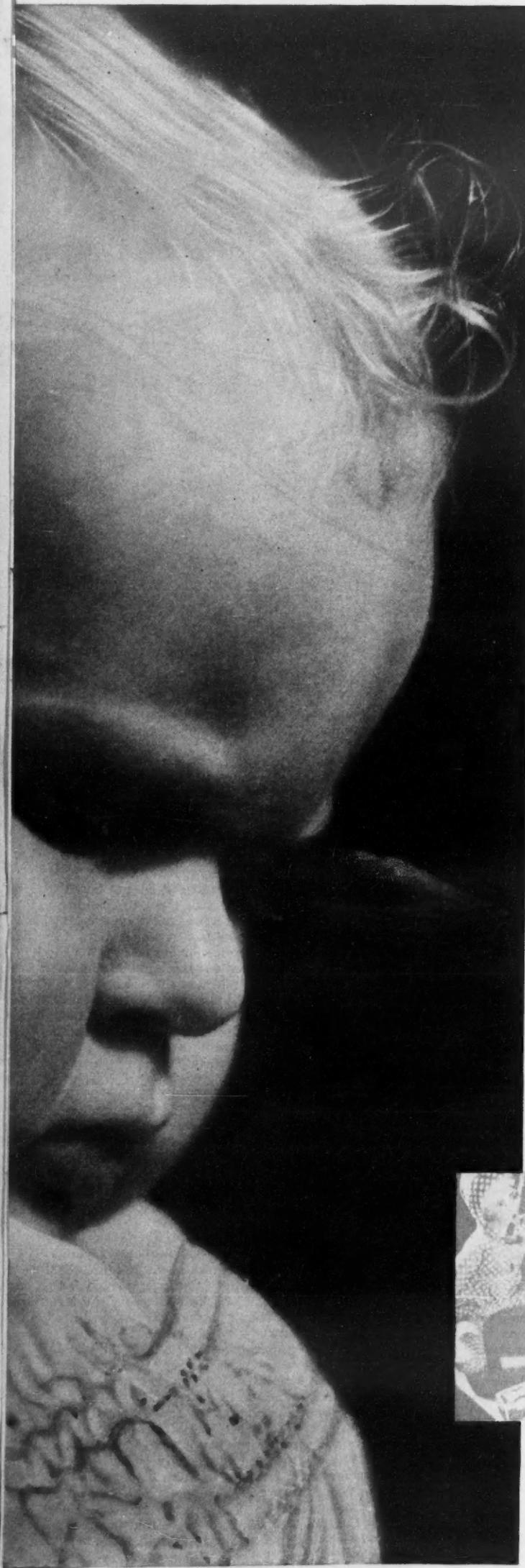
Her isolation did not worry Diana much during the first year. She was a very happy little thing. She would lie in her pram in the garden listening to the wind in the trees, watching the fluttering leaves, holding out her hand toward the birds. Or she would be carried into the wood at the foot of the garden, there to lie and sleep—or gurgle to herself—in the shade. She was a bright, attractive personality, and on our jaunts abroad with the pram she attracted the usual quota of attention, which most bright little children grab for themselves.

For her own sake we covered this up as much as possible; anyone who has had a child spoiled by too much attention will understand why. This was particularly necessary in such a neighborhood, where, with no other children around to share it, she was given much more attention than would ordinarily have been the case. On the rare occasions when we did pass another pram, Diana did not show much interest in the occupant. Neither did the occupant, it must be said, show much interest in Diana.

It was in this quiet, peaceful and unadventurous scene that Diana grew to realize that she had hands, toes, a nose, a face and so on, and she was to a great extent, and almost unavoidably, always the centre of things. The life of the house centred around her. She had deposed Tawny from his pride of place, and, doglike, Tawny paid her homage. He would lie near her pram, lick her hand when she held it out to him, (*Continued on page 35*)

"Baby brother, baby brother," Diana said several times, and her eyes were very lovely things to see.





EXPERIMENT

**Beginning the true history of a hazardous year
in the development of two small personalities**

IN THE SUMMER of 1933, my wife and I decided to adopt a baby boy. A certain attitude of mind in us both made this possible, and important considerations of our home life made it desirable. Thus, given the inclination and the impulse, we had less hesitation and doubt over the question than might assail many people predisposed to the idea but insufficiently blessed by circumstances to bring about its fulfillment.

We had a mutual belief that environment, if not quite so important as heredity—and we had an open mind on that, too—plays a vital part in the development of human character. We believed that, given the right background, training and affection, a very young child might be persuaded to grow up into a happy and personable being, whether it was your own child or the child of other parents. We had, of course, listened to the usual frightening tales that some people tell about adoption. People had heard of someone who knew of someone else who had adopted a girl and—well, you know what girls can do. All these adopted girls, it seemed, had done these things.

When we mentioned our intention to some friends, they stressed the "responsibility" we would be taking on and asked us to think again. As both of us had been taking on responsibilities of the most appalling nature for almost more years than it's decent to remember, this did not deter us. I mention this in no spirit of bravado. In our case a mutual condition of the mind made the plan possible for us. That is all.

In that, we were unusually lucky. We did not suffer from a too strongly marked possessive instinct, and although we had the usual parental pride in the little girl we had helped to bring into life, we did not believe that it was our exclusive function to produce the world's best children. In a toss-up world, it seemed to us, your own might easily become anything—even a murderer—made such by someone in a kindergarten, in a public school, or even in a university—someone far removed from your own control. It was therefore not too absurd to imagine, surely that the child of someone else unformed and plastic in character, might be influenced quite beneficially by ourselves.

While we were not unaware that we might be doing a con-

siderable service to some poor little boy, we were moved primarily in our project by the need in our first child, Diana, of some balancing infantile force which could do what parents like ourselves were powerless to do. The companionless condition of our single girl at this stage was an important factor in our decision.

I think it rather necessary to mention, also, that we did not make this decision because we were unable to have another child of our own. It just happened that we could not have another child of our own at this particular time. And considerations of time were pressing. If, in that summer of 1933, another baby of our own had miraculously landed on our doorstep we would have had no problem to face. But it seemed desirable to us that a baby of some kind should arrive. A child a year later could not possibly have done what a new arrival could do then.

CHILD COMPANIONSHIP is as necessary to the infant as food and sleep. To provide that companionship was our first responsibility. To deny it would have been to incur a responsibility far greater than that of any adopted child. That, at least, was how we regarded our situation. The child is a definite little individual needing contact with other definite little individuals like himself. The world of grown-ups must be quite a frightful place for a child, so conscious of his own inferiority.

Grown-ups can do so much that he cannot do. They are so clever and powerful. Continual association with them must necessarily develop in the child a marked sense of his own insufficiency. What joy, then, is his, when there are other little people to turn to, as helpless as himself, as impotent. From contact with his own kind, the child gains security and confidence. Other youngsters talk the same language as himself, or murmur the same jargon, or are as clumsy as he is with their fingers or their hands—at times even clumsier. He can assert himself among his fellows; he can develop. A small boy does not even have to talk to another small boy to gain from their companionship in a garden or playing space the security of his own kind.

Too many people insist on children following lines of conduct which are, in the main, lines of conduct designed to give the parents an easy time. It is more than an old saying that "large families bring themselves up." Large families do. The children amuse each other, bully each other, knock the stuffing out of each other, or knock the stuffing into each other, and generally live a satisfactory child life. If they do not altogether get rid of their childish discontent and jealousy, they do at least discard some of that self-centredness which so often marks the only child—and marks it badly.

Most parents achieve the same desirable results of a large family by continually associating their children with lots of other children of approximately similar ages. What the child can't get in the home it finds, in a measure, outside the home. But in our own case, owing to circumstances which

**John was indeed the little "orphan,"
with something of the desolate quality
of that word hanging about him.**

shared Mr. Bethune's cabin nearly opposite 157 and since shortly after midnight he has been missing."

"Missing!"

"He's not on the *Sedalia*, so immediately after the murder he must have rushed on deck and climbed overboard. No one saw him do this, and one cannot tell precisely when he did it; but at 3.00 this morning he was not in his cabin and Mr. Bethune had gone to look for him, so your eyewitness account is verified there, and I beg you to give it to the police exactly as you have to me. That is most important. Had Bertrand not disappeared, were he still on the ship and available for examination, the affair might take a different color."

"Why?"

"What is to prevent him from accusing you of the murder, saying he found Halberdt already dead when he arrived? You see I happen to know he was there while you were, so it would be a case of your word against his."

"O God!"

"But now it won't," he went on quickly, "and what secures your position is that when you told me what you did you could not have known that he was missing. Feel better?"

"Yes," she said gratefully, "but when I confess to being in that cabin after midnight—"

"It means some undesirable publicity which can't be avoided."

"Dr. Hartigan, I've been a fearful fool."

"You have," he replied candidly, "and as a result are the sole eyewitness of a dramatic and mysterious murder. If I could get you out of giving evidence I would, but as it stands I can't. However, don't worry too much about that. Once again, tell the police your story exactly as you have told me, and my report will back you up, beyond which I can't go. One thing more."

"Yes?"

"Naturally not a word of this to anyone under any circumstances whatever."

"Certainly not."

"And don't be nervous at Quarantine."

She smiled faintly. "I'll try not to, but I'm very tired."

"I'm afraid you didn't get any sleep last night."

"Not a wink; it was a terrible night."

"Then I'd go on deck, camp in a quiet corner, have your lunch up there, and take this powder about four o'clock. Also please remember that what you've said is limited strictly to you and myself. Not another soul on board is aware that you know anything whatever."

"You've been terribly kind," said she.

"Not very, but thanks to Bertrand's disappearance you've been terribly lucky. Now hold up your head and look natural. Good morning, Miss Fletcher."

BURKE'S PROPHECY proved correct, and before noon *Sedalia* was buzzing like a hive. From truck to keelson, stem to stern, port to starboard she buzzed with rumors and conflicting stories. In this steel-boxed, floating world a thousand conjectures vibrated as the filament of a radio valve vibrates to viewless impulses from the outer air. Men, gathered in the smoking room, pestered harassed stewards for answers that could not be given. Women on promenade deck and in the lounges sat with their heads together exchanging hearsay information. One—two—three men had been murdered during the night. A watchman had seen a passenger rush up the companion and leap over the rail. Poison had been detected in the first-class kitchen. Novels remained unread, letters unwritten, music unheeded, for over the crack liner of the North Atlantic lay the formidable shadow of midnight and mysterious crime.

During that morning there had been a rush of wireless messages to relatives, friends and papers on either side of the ocean, all received with imperturbable courtesy and filed in order for later transmission. By the commodore's orders none that dealt with the murder had been dispatched: he had taken this dictatorial step by instruction from the London office, and by the same authority had posted on the bulletin board the following notice.

"Commodore Simonds announces with regret the sudden death during the night of June 5th of a first-class passenger, Mr. Adolf Halberdt, under circumstances that call for the closest investigation. The matter is now being dealt with under police instructions. In these circumstances orders have been issued that there shall be dispatched from the ship no communications that in any way touch on this sad occurrence as they might complicate and render more difficult the enquiry which has already begun.

"The Commodore will be grateful if anyone can supply any information which would bear on the disappearance of Mr. Jules Bertrand from cabin 159. He is believed to have been under mental strain, and it is feared that in a moment of uncontrollable he may have taken his own life.

"Passengers may accept the assurance of the Company and Commodore that these unhappy events will not in any way affect the routine of life on the *Sedalia*, and that their security and comfort are not in the slightest degree affected."

The posting of these notices occasioned a rush, a new babel of talk, a new bombardment of officers and stewards, but, too, the ship's company was found much better prepared for answer, and from the whole staff the answer was the same, though couched in variant terms.

"Sorry, sir, but we have no further information. Next bulletin? Can't say, sir. No, madam, the purser doesn't know any more than I do. Mr. Halberdt, sir? Couldn't say, I'm sure. Well, sir, you'll have to make your complaint at the New York office. No, madam, Mr. Bertrand's cabin is locked. No, sir, that is not allowed. Sorry, madam, but we're under orders and have nothing to do with it."

It was all extremely well carried out, so well that soon this buffeting died away, and the *Sedalia*'s passengers learned that, probe as they might, nothing further would be unearthed. Also a good many began to perceive that on shore such an affair would not have been accorded the same breathtaking prominence. It was the shipboard aspect of the thing that did it; this being hurled across the Atlantic and for a space cribbed in the same steel walls with a murderer and his victim.

Hartigan was in his [Continued on page 32]

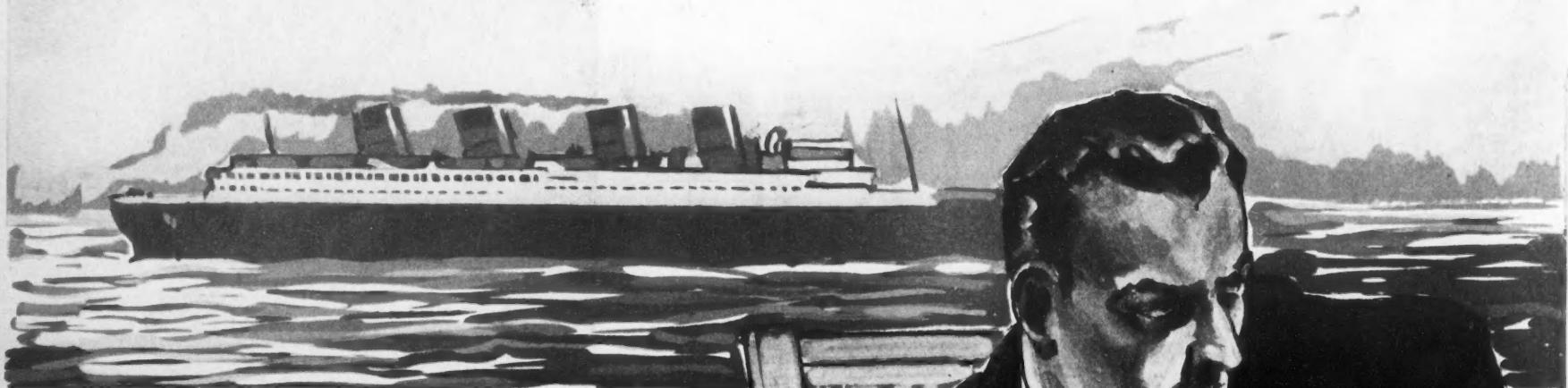


Beneath his microscope lay a tiny object on a glass slide.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

by ALAN SULLIVAN

--
Illustrated by Jack Keay



The Mystery is Solved

CNE MINUTE," interrupted Hartigan quickly. "To your knowledge had you ever seen this man before?"

"No, I'm sure of that. He had a grey-brown beard and dark glasses."

"Yes, go on, please."

"He had come in without a sound and I gave a little scream. He didn't speak. Mr. Halberdt began to rub his eyes and sat up, and stared at us half dazed and opened his mouth and I could see that he recognized me. The minute he did this, the man struck at him and I saw the flash of a knife. Mr. Halberdt put out his hand to save himself, but he was too late and gave a great groan and fell back, and the man threw the knife out of the porthole. Then he looked at me, not speaking, shook his head and simply disappeared. There wasn't another sound but that one groan. I couldn't move at first, and stood there with the lights on, and Mr. Halberdt lying there with the blood on his chest. He never said one word. Oh, it was horrible, horrible!"

She shivered and became very white. Hartigan poured something into a glass and made her drink.

"I think you're a very brave but foolish girl," said he. "Is there anything else?"

"There's nothing else, doctor. I was there alone, and he dead. I had to wait till I stopped shaking before I could stir. It must have been ten minutes before I reached my cabin, and—and that's all. Will they arrest me?"

"No, Miss Fletcher, they won't arrest you. It was very wise to tell me what you have, and I happen to know that most, perhaps the important part of it is true."

"You know that!"

"Yes, but I can't explain why, and I've no doubt the rest is just as accurate. You won't be accused of anything. Can you stand another minute of this?"

"I'll try."

"Then does it happen that this—shall we call it—pursuit of Mr. Halberdt is entirely your own secret. Had you any idea that the man with the beard could have been on the same trail?"

"Oh, no; none."

"Then, of course, no one else on board could have known the truth about you or what you were after?"

For the least fraction of time she hesitated while there flashed back a voice that assured her she was beaten and begged her to drop out, and in the next breath whispered, "I think I love you." In a strange compelling fashion the memory of this warmed, strengthened and made her feel that now as never before she needed the support of love; so she lifted her head, looked Hartigan straight in the face and lied bravely.

"No one," she said; "no one whatever."

"Thank you. And now for such satisfaction as you can get from it I'll tell you that the man with the beard was undoubtedly a Mr. Bertrand who

"We're rather alike," he said, "We've both made a big mistake in this affair . . ."



"You look devastating enough," said Mrs. Shore, "without any more shellac."

tive—who had arranged the series of three dances, one for November, December and January, for "debutantes of recent seasons and the younger marrieds"—but only the nicest former debutantes and the most secure marrieds. Page remembered vaguely that her mother had had to pull strings to get her the invitation to subscribe.

"How do you do, Mrs. Parker. Mrs. Parker, this is Mr. Field—and Mr. Wethering. Good evening, Miss Vance. Mr. Field, Mr. Wethering."

Page followed the Timothy Shores, and Page's two escorts—each single girl was entitled to two guest tickets—followed her. It took several minutes to go down the line, presenting Jim and Monte, and she prolonged it the two or three brief seconds it could be prolonged, then, her heart hammering unkindly against her ribs, she progressed with her train and entourage in her wake, to table 20.

"Table 20," she thought stupidly. "It's funny that 20 should be the number. I was 20 yesterday and today is January 20, and I think I must have been dreading tonight for 20 years, except that you don't know enough to dread things when you are very small." And aloud she said, "Jimmie, I'll let you sit between Dee Shore and me, and Monte on the other side." She stopped, struggling for casualness, and nodded to the tall man who rose and stood by the table, napkin in hand, as they came. "Oh, hello, Bruce," she said.

"Well, if it isn't Page! How are you, child? You've grown," which was his absurd way of telling her it was nice to see her and that she was looking well. Then he turned to Tim Shore.

Page's eyes stung with looking at him, searching his hard sunburnt face for a new line, a different look. He was the same. His hair, which grew so abruptly back from his high forehead, had not changed in its brown neutrality. His lips still closed too firmly over his teeth, and his jawline, turned toward Page as he talked to Tim, seemed to her like an

impregnable fortress. She would have delivered Jim Field on one side of her, and Monte on the other side, to a mythical ogre to be broiled and eaten up to save one of Bruce's thin fingers.

MONTE WAS saying something about the orchestra.

"I positively adore Joe Moss," she agreed absent-mindedly. But she hoped he wouldn't begin playing the song hits of past seasons—which was the fashion this year—because if he were to happen on a tune that hurt, something she and Bruce had danced to before he went away, she knew she would cry. She would rather crawl away into a corner and die than have Bruce see the tears come, than have Bruce suspect that there were tears there to come.

She strained her ears. Bruce was asking Tim Shore about the duck shooting this year. Bruce would ask about that because, where he was stationed, there were no such things as ducks—only crawling things and malaria. Tim was eager to talk to Bruce because he had been away so long and he had always thought Bruce a great fellow. They sat there, paying no attention to Dee or Page or the Starr Edgertons across the table, and Tim's heavy good-natured face was flushed with pleasure.

Page could listen to Jim and Monte, could endure their remarks like so much buzzing of troublesome flies, and let her mind and eyes wander. She looked around the ballroom with its pale walls and chandeliers and gleaming white tables clustered about the dance floor. Almost all the dinner parties had arrived by now and the dance was well under way. "Not quite yet, Monte," she said over her shoulder. In case Bruce by any accident should look at her, she intended to be a panic that night. She intended to go about two feet down the floor with each partner, no farther. Let Bruce see. Let him know that she didn't spend her evenings at home weeping. Not the evenings, just the nights, when the light was out, and she couldn't sleep, she amended with shame.

Counting herself, there were eight at table 20. Seven attractive, amusing people, and one stricken little fool. There were Jim and Monte—Jim with his pleasant company manners and his fund of gossip and small talk, much in demand at parties; Monte with the close black mustache, whom she despised a little, but who had shadowed her so long she would have felt strange without him somewhere in her background. Delight Shore, wife of Tim, beautiful and successful, having more money than she knew what to do with and more servants than she had work for, and a husband who adored her beyond her deserts. Bruce, who had not gone to the dinner party because of a business appointment but who was here as guest of the Shores—she couldn't soliloquize about Bruce, because he kept himself apart and invulnerable.

Except for a brief, unforgotten week the year she made her début, a week of waking up in the mornings with a wild joy knocking at her heart as she waited for his phone call—a week of long, poignant silences and brief significant words—she might never have known Bruce at all. She had not seen him for two years. She had not wanted to see him again, ever, but the Shores had invited him to the dance and it would be cowardly to invent an attack of grippe at the last minute. Page felt that it was brave to grit one's teeth and endure, brave in the same glamorous way in which martyrs died and the Spartan boy let the fox eat his heart. She sat mutely in the pain of watching Bruce a moment more, and then proceeded with her inventory:

There were the Edgertons, Starr with his blonde satirical face and the amusing quirk to his left eyebrow. He was one of the foremost journalists in the ranks of the young. No one had ever heard of him a year ago, and now no one would admit not having heard of him. "The way he handled that write-up on Russia," older men would say, older men who knew, "Jove, what work!" And beside him, lacing her too slender fingers together again and again, in a combination of shyness and excitement, was his wife, Emily Edgerton, who had been Emily Pearson. Until Starr came along, Emily had had nothing on earth but her ten million dollar trust fund and a terrible shyness that amounted almost to a physical affliction. Emily was not pretty in her dark, tense thinness, and she would never be pretty, but Page thought, "There's something about her face, I don't know what it is. . ." Starr might know. Nobody, until Starr, had ever noticed Emily especially except to say, "Emily is a sweet girl," or "Emily's background is excellent; you know, on her father's side, etc." Or later, "It's too bad boys don't take to Emily; she'd make a fine wife for someone, entirely aside from all that money. . ."

PAGE STOPPED looking. Suddenly she wanted to run away as fast and far as she could run, pressing her hands against her ears so as not to hear the glib tenor voices of Jim and Monte on either side of her. But she could not run away from the third [Continued on page 20]

Illustrated
by
John Holmgren



Under Cover of Music ...

by SARAH-ELIZABETH RODGER

SOME OF THE girls thought Page was being rather a pig, standing so long in front of the dressing table, reddening her flaming young mouth that needed no more rouge, tweaking a high curl higher, adjusting the rhinestone tiara that was already firm and straight over the crown of her blonde head.

"Really, Page," said young Mrs. Timothy Shore impatiently. They had come from the same late dinner party and it was time to be getting in to the Assembly if they expected the receiving line to be still intact and their reserved supper table unsnatched by somebody else.

"I'm terribly sorry," Page murmured mechanically. She was so afraid.

"You look quite devastating enough," prodded Mrs. Shore again, since she had not moved, "without any more shellac. . . ."

Page heard her as if from far away—a faint voice that was not interesting or important enough to stir her from her cold trance. But she followed after the gleam of the gold lamé dress as it joined the men in the foyer and proceeded gracefully down the stairs to the Crystal Room. She followed, giving a little kick to get her white satin train out from under her feet, and presently she heard her own voice greeting the Committee with the girlish charm she had been taught at school. The Committee was composed of the older element—and the most conserva-



THE GREATEST GAIN : by VELIA ERCOLE

THE WARE CHILDREN did not hope for a legacy from Old Jonas though he was rich. He had a family of his own, and he was so remote, living in British Columbia. He had not been in England for twenty-five years, and as none of them had ever seen him, they could not be expected to share their mother's extravagant interest in, and affection for, this distant old person. The years after their father's death, before Chrissie married, and Tom and Brenda were able to work for themselves, were dreadful, difficult years and periodically one of them would burst out with:

"If old Jonas is such a great friend and has such pots of money, why don't you ask him to help us?" But Mrs. Ware, so yielding in most things was queerly, violently unyielding on this point. Not that she said much. Merely, "No. That's out of the question." The queerness and the violence would be in her face, in a gesture of her work-worn hand, in a tautening and straightening of her tired little body.

Quite recently Tom, who had lost yet another job, had suggested going out to Jonas, who had extensive business interests and would find a place for him without hesitation; and for a few days the mother had seemed to be thinking that over. Tom, without powers of concentration or perseverance, was a source of great worry to her. But even then her decision had been, "No." That queerly, softly uttered

no. Tom had flown into one of his tempers—those tempers when he could be cruel and bitterly abusive; when one hardly recognized him for the charming person so much in demand at parties. It was always a shock to find that mean ferocity under the boyish, indolent sweetness which made him so attractive to women and got him the jobs he could not hold. But his temper achieved nothing. Just occasionally the mother managed to be effectual. For the most part she was disregarded, her advice suffered impatiently, and her protests called interference. Tom and the two elder girls, Chrissie and Brenda, bullied her, and the boarders in her guest-house never took long to realize that she was afraid of them; afraid with the fear which the nightmare of empty rooms had engendered in her during the early years while the children were young, and there was no money and no one but herself to rely on.

But on the subject of Jonas she seemed to find some reserve of strength to oppose the children, who could not understand her attitude. She could give no good reason for not asking help from her old friend except: "One has one's pride," and that was ridiculous because she really had no pride at all, the children thought. They knew she was not above trying to borrow a few shillings from such of her boarders who did not intimidate her, and she would lie to and plead with tradesmen in the most humiliating, desperate

way. When the children found her out in these things, she would not put up any defense. She would twist her head from side to side and then say, in her small, soft voice:

"Well, I had to do something. With the front room empty. You children don't understand." But no shame in her voice. She didn't seem to realize how degrading it all was. And when Tom lost his first job, she had gone and begged that dreadful, uncouth Mr. Barnes to give him another trial. As if Tom would ever go near Barnes again! And she made no effort to cultivate the friends of their own class which she might have made in spite of their being in "reduced circumstances." You never knew what dreadful woman from the neighborhood you were going to find having a cup of tea with mother, and her gossiping away, though she was always silenced if one of the children came in.

Ridiculous to talk of pride. She and Jonas were the best of friends. He wrote regularly and she would read the children news from his letters, news which did not interest them and to which they seldom listened. All of them, that is, except Margie. Margie, the youngest girl, helped her with the boarding-house, and her love for her mother was not critical as were the others who found both these members of the family rather dull. But the two had their own excitements and understandings. Margie was always touched by the joy which a letter from Jonas brought to her mother, and



Confessions of a Debutante

by ONE OF THEM

ASUB-DEB was giving a dance. Her sister, my age, suggested that some of the older girls be invited. She named one of the most popular and attractive of our friends. But the seventeen-year-old threw up her hands in horror.

"What?" she cried, "ask *that* old maid?"

The full import of the child's remark did not strike me until later. Then I realized. That old maid is my contemporary; we are both debes of 1928.

That I am a spinster in the eyes of the younger generation was a shock to me. Of course, I had known that I was getting on. I am twenty-three, but I still have my faculties. My teeth are intact. My figure looks decidedly better in today's fashions than it did in the short-skirted era of my debutante season. Indeed, my mirror assures me that the past six years have been kind to me. I find it difficult to realize that I am *old*.

I may as well face the facts. I have been "out" for six years. I am pre-Depression, the product of another age. Ample proof of this lies in my diary. Here is what I wrote in September, 1928:

"... after dinner it was too late for the theatre so we dropped into Roxy's for an hour. I heard the new movietone, but disliked it. . . ."

Today, debes are fully accustomed to the talkies and to long skirts. They have different customs, different slang, different boy friends. But they still have one bond in common with us. They are today—just as we were in 1928—featured in newspaper and magazine. They are the *raison d'être* of hundreds of parties. They will be feted and fussed over and spoiled for a few short weeks. And this, not because of their brains, their talent or their beauty, but merely because they are the debutantes of the season.

WHO ARE these debutantes to merit this excess attention from an otherwise sane world? Take my own case, for example. I was fairly average among my contemporaries. I had spent the major part of my life in study. I had had little time to learn the art of entertaining or of being entertained. And that is an art. I soon found out that being a successful guest was more important than being a good hostess, because I went to one hundred and fifty parties but only gave five.

All through my 'teens I had dreamed about coming out, and had discussed the matter with my friends many times. I had become fully accustomed to the idea long before the actual moment of my début.

On my return home what did I find? To my complete consternation I was out of touch. I had to get acquainted all over again. Although my parents had always given not-out parties during my holidays, I found it necessary to meet people anew on my return from school. Now, my friends represent those acquaintanceships which have ripened since my début. My intimates are the girls who came out the year I did.

Coming out has more significance than merely to give the debutante a good time. Her début is a sort of postgraduate class; it must teach her many of the important details of life and living. She must learn to penetrate beyond the fluff of the ballroom or the bubble of the cocktail party. To be a successful woman she must learn to weigh her social values. A Chinese noblewoman sums it up with the wisdom of the East, in a letter to Nora Waln, author of *House of Exile*:

"It is my chief desire," she writes, "to admonish and encourage thee to devote thyself to accomplishment in bridge, tennis, golf and ballroom dancing. Whether or not a wife finds personal pleasure in the activities which occupy the society surrounding her husband, it must be her pleasure to do them."

Granted that it is essential for those who will need the knowledge and the experience for their later years, it must [Continued on page 31]

Editor's Note:—Believing that it carries a truth of such definite value to Canadian parents and their daughters, that it warrants the breaking of a hitherto unbroken rule against reprinting, Chatelaine presents this article to its readers through the courtesy of Mayfair.



Dorothy Wilding

"I WAS

AT THE WEDDING"

by KATHLEEN BOWKER

Chatelaine's Correspondent in London.

SO THERE I was at last, in Westminster Abbey, a guest at the wedding of the Duke of Kent with Princess Marina of Greece. For days the city had been in a ferment, for all the grey November weather, thick with fog. London, historically indifferent to climate for two thousand years, had turned into a heyday, mayday city. Trees shed their leaves so all might see the Princess passing by, but houses, offices, government buildings, hospitals, Whitehall, Mayfair, Piccadilly, Leicester Square—these blossomed like magic gardens.—Everywhere were festoons, flags, garlands, street-long streamers of parti-colored pennons, outsize crowns starred with jewelled lights, mast-high poles fluttering with flowers, rainbow ribbons, huge welcoming banners strung across the streets.

There had been endless entertainments—parties to see the jewels, parties to see the presents, theatres crowded, restaurants thronged. London itself was like a balloon slowly inflating for crowds of incoming people. Traffic was thicker than porridge—slower than molasses. The streets were in possession of an immense mob of smiling, chattering, friendly sightseers. Royalty here, royalty there—quick bursts of rapturous cheers. Then the wedding day

regulations laid down that all carriages must follow a prescribed route.

FOLLOW IT with me. Ten thousand extra police had been drafted into the West End. When I stepped outside my door at nine o'clock, the streets were almost impassable. Twelve hours before, regular traffic had been stopped for an hour. Victoria was like a country lane for quiet. I flicked my permit. A bobby hailed me a taxi lurking behind a corner, and though I lived two minutes walk from the Abbey I decided instead of walking through the broad sanctuary, to drive the whole way round through Buckingham Gate. We slipped into the Park round the front of Buckingham Palace itself, where a throng was thick around the gates and the gargantuan fountain dripped sightseers. We proceeded slowly down the Mall where the crowd was dozens deep, standing on boxes, sitting on newspapers, wrapped in rugs. Some had been there all night. Behind them windows of houses backing on the Mall were filled with faces. Atop of the Duke of Connaught's Gatehouse a favored few had comfortable seats. The Duke of Devonshire's house had a gorgeous banner of crimson and gold flung full

length along the balcony rail. Already in the Duchess's garden that overhangs the Mall groups of guests were at the parapet. Among a hundred and fifty who saw the wedding procession from that vantage point were thirty men on stretchers, veterans of the war. Beyond the Duke of York's steps an unbroken line of huge houses that make Carlton House Terrace was garnished and gay. At the corner turn from the Mall to the Horseguards Parade, police, hands linked, leaned back on an almost overwhelming crowd—all in the utmost good humor.

We drove around a Parliament Square transformed. Huge stands, draped and decked, overbuilt the Square and outblotted the Abbey. Behind its mushroom face, dark spires tapered against a darkened sky. But this historic space was floodlit, so that it seemed the sun shone here. Below, stacked against the stands, people packed against people, police all smiling, all happy. As we slowed down I leaned forward to speak to the driver. A woman smiled and waved. I returned [Continued on page 48]

the childish, embarrassed eagerness with which she would read from the closely written pages. And when one of the others interrupted with an irrelevancy Margie would courage:

"Go on, mummy. What does he say?" But truly she was only interested in Jonas because the news of his doings and his family seemed so important to Mrs. Ware; really of terrific importance, like a slit of blue sky seen by a prisoner through his barred window, she thought once. She tried to make this clear to the others the night they heard of Jonas's death. A letter telling of it had come from his daughter, Eleanor, in the afternoon post, and at first Mrs. Ware had taken it calmly enough. But she had broken down at the dining table. A most distressing scene. She had been helping old Mr. Crawford to more cauliflower and suddenly had dropped the spoon and looked around in a wild, vacant way. Her face had broken up, seemed to grow inhuman and alarmingly featureless and she had muttered:

"It's all finished now."

No one had caught her words except Margie, and the things passed off quite naturally. The boarders knew Mrs. Ware had had bad news, and all looked sympathetic while Margie led her mother from the table; and after dinner was over there left the family together in the living room, disappearing like rabbits into their separate warrens.

EVEN MARGIE did not realize the full implication of her mother's broken sobbing and half articulate phrases which seemed not to make sense. But she held the thin, shaken body in her arms until it was quite still and said over and over, "Poor little mummy, poor little mummy," and she felt it was awfully sad that this one friendship which seemed so precious, the only really exciting thing, the gust of strangeness in her mother's drab life, had gone out of it. Perhaps Margie might have understood completely if during that time she had been able to give real attention to anything but her love for Robin. But the death of old Jonas occurred when her whole mind was flaming with love for Robin who was leaving her. Even while her thin young arms were around her mother, they ached to be around Robin; while she was whispering words of comfort to her mother, her mind was saying passionately, stupidly, insistently: "Robin, darling... darling! Oh, Robin. Three days left, Robin. Three days." And for all her solicitude, her whole slim, young body was a violent prayer that her mother would mercifully fall asleep so that she might join Robin who was waiting for her, and so not lose one of the precious last nights.

At last her mother did seem composed and ready to sleep. She said, "It must seem silly my carrying on like this about an old friend I haven't seen for so long. It is just—"

"It's not, darling. I know. I understand." Margie patted the poor head on the pillows. "He was so much to you and father. It's losing the last link with the old days...." But under her words ran the passionate leitmotif of her heart's command: "Robin... Robin, darling. Be there. Even if it's hours, wait for me. I'll get to you some time...."

When at last she went into the sitting room, Chrissie looked up with obvious relief.

"Well, is she all right now?" she asked in her thin, affected voice. "I simply must go. Ralph's invited people in for supper after the theatre and I haven't a thing ready. I must say I think it was unnecessary your dragging me all the way out here, Margie. It's not as if I've been of any help, or if it were actually a death in the family."

Brenda, turning over the pages of a fashion magazine, merely said: "For heaven's sake, put your hat on properly! You look awful."

Margie disregarded that and explained, somewhat apologetically, to Chrissie: "Well, it was a big shock to her. I thought if we were all here it would—well, make it seem less if we all made a fuss of her. So that losing Jonas wouldn't seem so important." Then she had told them of that importance.

Chrissie shrugged her shoulders and stood up. She caught sight of herself in the mirror as she did so and had a moment's pleasure in her new dress. But the pleasure was punctured by the reflection that the dress was not yet paid for, and Ralph had been beastly about it. Yet he was the first to

growl if she looked the least bit shabby. It was not all her fault if they were up to their necks in debt. A further irritation was the thought that she would have to buy something for supper for their people who were coming in. And now, so late, all the stores were closed and she would have to go to that French place at the corner of the mews. That French place was the limit. They charged anything and were beastly rude now about credit. And the guests would say: "Darling! What amusing things you find to eat!" and probably touch nothing. Not as if it were real food either, that one could make a meal from, next day.

She said irritably:

"Well, losing Jonas doesn't matter to me. The only thing that would make it matter would be a few thousand pounds left to his old friend as a token of admiration and esteem..."

"Hear, hear," said Tom who had dropped the evening paper down beside his chair and yawned lazily. "Well, is the mourning session over? If it is, I think I'll migrate for the evening. There's no point in sitting here like undertaker's mutes for someone we've never seen."

"I think you're all rather foul," Margie said, and Chrissie, arranging her hair under her smart hat, said with that air which always suppressed her youngest sister:

"Well, my dear, the whole thing is rather exaggerated. Of

"Perhaps you get your acting ability from her," Tom suggested lazily, an inflection in his voice which infuriated his sister Brenda. She began to abuse him, but Chrissie stayed the torrent of words.

"Have you heard any more from that man you met about going on the films?"

"Oh, he did what he could," Brenda said sulkily. "He asked me to the flat to tea to meet his friend the casting director, but some other females surged in and I was lost in the crowd. He told me to send him some photographs. But what's the use?" Her sulkiness progressed to shrill grievance. "These other girls weren't better looking than me really. It was their clothes—the way they were got up. That finished look. I hadn't a chance. Johnny pointed it out to me afterward. My hair is wrong and my make-up and my clothes are impossible beside real clothes. He said I must get some photographs taken—expensive ones by an expert who understands film photography. Then I must spend pounds with a beauty specialist and go to one of these academies to learn how to walk and talk, and buy myself about a hundred pounds worth of clothes and furs and things and then go up to the studios. He says my looks are enough if I have the other things to go with them, and I'd probably get picked for some crowd work. I know if I could once get in I'd be all right. But where am I to get the money? I haven't even enough for the photographs. He said those I gave him were awful. And I'm sick of office work. If something thrilling doesn't happen soon I'll go mad—"

"Brenda," Margie said desperately, "you aren't going out tonight, are you? You'll stay with mother in case she wants something—"

"I don't see why I should," Brenda flared. "I work all day in that wretched office and then have to come home and play nurse. Mother's all right—"

"Brenda, please, Brenda!" Margie's face grew quite pale with strain. "Someone must stay. They must, Brenda." She began to move her head in that



"Some other females surged in, and I was lost in the crowd."

course, if you knew anything about psychoanalysis, you'd understand mother. All this—she doesn't really mind about old Jonas. But weak, ineffectual personalities often have hysterical moments simply to attract attention."

Chrissie made a person quite sick at times, Margie thought. Of course she always looked too marvellous, and she and Ralph knew most interesting people, and she lived almost in Mayfair, even if the flat was so poky you couldn't turn round in it, and it was only a converted stable. You had to respect Chrissie for the way she had taken a leap from the boarding house, via a job as a stenographer into almost Mayfair. You did respect her. All the same she made you feel quite sick at times.

Brenda lifted her lovely, sullen face and slapped the fashion book shut.

"I must say I think mother rather overdid things at the table. She can hardly feel as bad as all that about someone she hasn't seen for hundreds of years."

pleading way her mother had, from side to side. "And I've simply got to see Robin. We've only three more days—"

"Oh, let the kid go," Tom said. "It won't kill you to stay in for once. Get a mirror and practise your expressions for your screen test."

"Make her stay, Tom! I've got to go. Don't you see how I've got to go?" Suddenly Margie choked and though she blinked hard, tears started to her eyes.

"Has everyone in this family gone loopy?" Brenda said scathingly. "Now don't you start having hysterics."

BUT MARGIE had had enough of them. She turned suddenly and ran from the room, knuckling at her eyes with one ungloved small hand, grabbing tightly in the other her bag and coat fronts. Nothing elegant or even smart about poor Margie going to meet her lover. But a cry in her heart and a terrible determination, so that not even the glimpse of her mother walking along the upper [Continued on page 27]

Within your reach —every kind of soup you ever want!

**ASPARAGUS**

Purée of luscious asparagus. Strictly vegetable. Enriched with creamery butter. Makes delightful Cream of Asparagus.

BEAN

Substantial, old-fashioned Bean Soup—purée style — made from choice beans thoroughly cooked with bacon pork.

BEEF

A thick, hunger-satisfying soup containing hearty diced meat, vegetables and barley.

BOUILLON

A clear soup, made from choice beef, blended with herbs, vegetables and aromatic spices. Invigorating!

CELERY

Made from the choicest quality Canadian celery. Strictly vegetable. Delicious as a Cream of Celery.

CHICKEN WITH RICE

Not just a *broth*—it's the real Chicken *Soup* with tender pieces of chicken meat and rice.

CLAM CHOWDER

All the broth and meat of juicy clams—flavored with tomatoes—and garnished with potatoes and onions.

CONSOMMÉ

The formal soup. Beautifully clear. A rich beef broth, lightly seasoned—and delicately flavored with vegetables.

JULIENNE

Dainty, clear, sparkling consommé, garnished with whole peas and shredded vegetables.

MOCK TURTLE

Beef broth, tomatoes, celery, herbs, tooth-some pieces of meat, richly blended with sherry.

MULLIGATAWNY

An unusual Oriental style chicken *soup*. Laden with flavorful vegetables, herbs and seasoning.

MUSHROOM {Cream of}

A purée made from choicest cultivated, whole, fresh Canadian mushrooms blended with fresh, double-thick cream—liberally garnished with mushrooms.

MUTTON

Mutton broth garnished with fresh mutton, barley and vegetables—splendid for children and invalids.

NOODLE with chicken

A full-bodied chicken broth containing hearty egg noodles and delicious pieces of tender chicken meat.

OX TAIL

Vegetables, barley, sliced ox tail joints in an Old English style ox tail broth, with sherry.

PEA

Purée of delicious, nourishing Canadian Peas. Strictly vegetable. Even more nourishing served as Cream of Pea.

PEPPER POT

The real famous "Philadelphia Pepper Pot" with macaroni dumplings, potatoes, spicy seasoning and meat.

PRINTANIER

Exquisitely blended chicken and beef consommé with vegetables in fancy shapes.

TOMATO

Pure tomato juices and luscious Canadian tomato "meat" in a sparkling purée enriched with finest creamery butter. Strictly vegetable. Serve it too as Cream of Tomato.

VEGETABLE

It's a meal in itself. 15 fine Canadian garden vegetables cooked in rich beef broth. A great family favorite everywhere.

VEGETABLE-BEEF

Real old-fashioned Vegetable *Soup*—rich beef broth, thick with Canadian vegetables and substantial pieces of meat.

Double rich! Double strength!

Campbell's Soups are made as in your own home kitchen except that the broth is double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water you obtain twice as much full flavored *soup* at no extra cost.



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Chatelaine Editorials



ASCENT

... of woman in the heavens

... and in our affairs below

by H. NAPIER MOORE

WHY IS it that radio waves sent out from a transmitting station and travelling, as they do, in straight lines at a speed of about 186,000 miles per second, do not leave the curved surface of the earth and vanish into space instead of rebounding and, through a loud speaker, filling your room with music?

Just what is it that scientists such as Piccard hope to find out by perilous balloon ascents into the stratosphere?

What is going on a hundred miles above the earth, and how does it affect the lives of us humans?

Until recently I had a vague idea as to the proper answers to these questions. I had read a number of scientific books on the subject. But they were too profound. They left me rather dizzy.

Now I have a very clear understanding. A woman has explained it all so simply in a small book called "Exploring the Upper Atmosphere." Her name is Dorothy Fisk. She is English, I take it. And she knows more about what to you and me are the mysteries of the universe than most cooks know about boiling an egg.

There are thousands of Dorothy Fisks throughout the world today. Woman has established herself in the field of science.

WERE ANYONE suddenly to ask me to list the leading novelists of the present age, the names that would come first to mind would be those of women. Just make your own list.

LAST OCTOBER, at the time of the annual meeting of the National Council of Women, the Ottawa press, in great surprise, ran two-column

heads on the fact that the president's address occupied four minutes. Delegates reporting local council activities were allowed two minutes.

It happens that I have attended a considerable number of women's meetings. It is my experience that, with few exceptions, they are conducted with greater expedition than are meetings conducted by men.

SO, IN the sciences and arts there are probably nearly as many brilliant women as there are brilliant men, and in a wide range of administrative matters women have demonstrated their efficiency and judgment.

Why, then, is Canadian womanhood in general comparatively inarticulate in our own national affairs? Not lack of intelligence. Surely it isn't apathy when politics and government so directly affect the home and the family? Can it be because average husbands, fathers or brothers still cling to the belief that women have no business in politics?

Well, it has been so suggested by not a few feminine observers.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL Of Women itself has concluded that there are few women fitted for election to public positions, and has urged the formation of study groups, franchise clubs, etc., particularly in municipal affairs. Also it has asked the local councils to aid in the selection of suitable women for public office.

It is a sound idea to start by getting women interested in the affairs of their own community. I hope to goodness they will turn out in flocks and vote; that they will put up candidates of their own. Their presence in the councils of municipal bodies would refine the proceedings.

Too many of our present council meetings are reminiscent of a back-alley dog fight.

That is not all. Had women had a say in the beginning it is certain that many of our larger cities would be better laid out; that there would be fewer of the sordid slum areas that are a disgrace to what we still call a new country. Herein lies a vast field of opportunity for city mothers. The city fathers haven't yet realized that the expense of clearing slums can be offset by resultant savings in public health expenditures and by reduced cost of crime. Disease and crime do a lot of breeding in slums.

There are more than 600,000 women working in Canada's stores, factories and offices. Their welfare is the welfare of generations yet unborn. Here, too, lie problems demanding the active attention of all Canadian women.

Then there is education. Not only the informing of children, but the building of character. The future of the Dominion depends upon the character of its youth. Plenty of room for woman's influence there.

IN ORDER that the principle of women's suffrage be established, women went to jail; suffered badgering, ridicule and indignities. You ought to be able to spare half an hour from a tea party to go out and use that vote. Intelligently given in municipal, provincial and dominion elections, it can be made a telling influence in matters that directly affect you, your home, your children.

Organized, women's influence can be a major factor in world affairs; in the matter of war or peace. Theirs is the real agony when man marches the glory (?) road.

Let one of your New Year resolutions be to take an immediate interest in the affairs of your community and in the affairs of your nation. For they are your affairs.

"This new Yeast is much quicker acting... and its newly-added Vitamin A combats colds!"

Corrects Constipation, Indigestion
and related Skin ills faster . . . and supplies the
"anti-infective" vitamin everyone needs

NEWS: The new, "XR" Yeast everybody's eating is not only much faster for constipation and related ills . . . it's a big help in fighting colds! If you haven't heard about it, read Dr. Lee's answers:

Why is it a better Yeast?

It's a totally new "strain" or variety of yeast, discovered by a famous medical scientist. It is much stronger . . . faster acting inside you!

How does it correct Constipation and Indigestion faster?

Constipation, indigestion and related ills often come from slowing of your digestive juices and action. "XR" Yeast speeds these juices and muscles from your stomach on down.

Thus, your food is better "churned," softened—digested. Your stomach empties sooner—food passes through you more quickly. You should no longer have that heavy, "stuffed up" feeling—indigestion—after meals . . . or constipation!

Is fresh Yeast a Food—or a Drug?

A food! It is rich in hormone-like substances (body "activators") which "normalize" you as nothing else can. (How different from harsh cathartics!)

Does it correct Skin Troubles, Loss of Energy, Headaches?

Yes—all troubles related to a sluggish condition of your digestive system and auto-intoxication in the body. "XR" Yeast purifies your whole system very quickly.

Everyone over 40, especially, needs "XR" Yeast to correct the slowing down of digestive secretions occurring most rapidly after that age and so . . . retard "old age"!

How does its Vitamin A combat colds?

By strengthening the mucous membranes (linings) of your nose and throat and

thus building up their resistance to infection. This not only helps check colds but many kinds of diseases. "XR" Yeast also builds up your resistance by cleaning you out and helping you to secure more "good" from your food.

In addition to Vitamin A, Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast also contains Vitamins B, D and G . . . four important vitamins!

How should you eat it?

Two cakes every day—plain (breaking off small pieces from the cake), or dissolved in one third of a glass of water—preferably half an hour before meals. If you're now taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually.

You should get quick improvement from Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast, but keep right on eating it until you feel well!

GET A SUPPLY TODAY

... 6 cakes (enough for the first three days) and eat it regularly every day, until your condition is thoroughly corrected. Yeast is a food, you know—entirely harmless—yet very effective for health. It can't form a habit . . . It will help you resist colds and other unpleasant ailments this winter and all year long!



"This New
'XR' Yeast acts
much quicker..."

"My doctor recommended Fleischmann's Yeast to clear up my sluggishness and bad skin—three years ago," writes Mrs. Marie Kipp. "But this year these troubles came back, so I ate the new 'XR' Yeast. It acted much quicker."



says
DR.R.E.LEE

Director of Fleischmann Health Research, Dr. Lee says: "This new vitamin in 'XR' Yeast is just one way it helps fight colds!"

**Stimulates digestive juices,
makes cathartics unnecessary**

In 25 clinics "XR" Yeast corrected constipation and related troubles remarkably quickly . . . eliminated need for cathartics by speeding up digestive juices and muscles amazingly.

In addition, it supplies newly added "anti-infective" Vitamin A, to give it new value for millions in helping avoid colds.

DR. F. ECKHART, intestinal specialist, states: "It acts more quickly than any yeast before. Its new Vitamin A is of great value in winter, especially."



(As good as ever
for baking!)



Fleischmann's XR Yeast

AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, DRUG STORES, SODA FOUNTAINS



**Asks L. M. Montgomery
authoress of the famous "Anne of
Green Gables" recently brought
to the screen**

MANY YEARS ago I sat down one spring evening, in the kitchen of an old Prince Edward Island farmhouse, and wrote the first chapter of my first book, *Anne of Green Gables*.

It might be more correct to say that I sat "up." For I climbed up on the high, old-fashioned sofa and sat on the end of the kitchen table, by the west window, to catch the last gleams of sunset. It was one of my favorite roosts for writing. I have always liked to write with my portfolio on my knee and the sofa made a capital footrest. And I could look out into an old apple orchard and a ferny grove of spruces and birches.

Outside it was a warm blossomy May evening. There had been a shower and the leaves of the big maple that almost brushed the window were wet and glistening. I finished one chapter and then, a caller dropping in, I put the work away. I hadn't the most remote idea that I would one day sit in a theatre and see that chapter "come to life" on the screen. At that time "movies" were not even dreamed of; and if they had been, it would never have occurred to me that my simple little story of life in the Maritimes, nine miles from a railroad and twenty miles from a town, would make its appearance in them. Yet the other day I sat with a small group and saw a preview of the film, just before it was released in Canada.

Although I began the story that long-ago night, I had been "brooding" it for some time, waiting until I could find leisure to write it in the intervals of writing the "pot-boilers" by which I made my living. Indeed, *Green Gables* itself was first intended for a pot-boiler, and only escaped that fate because *Anne* simply wouldn't be confined within the limits of a pot-boiler. She demanded more "scope."

PEOPLE ASK ME how I came to create *Anne*. I didn't create her. She simply sprang into being in my mind, all ready created—*Anne*, spelled with an e, red-haired, dreamy-eyed and elfin-faced. Yet she seemed so real to me that when I tell people that she is "entirely fictitious" I have the uncomfortable feeling that I am not telling the truth.

People ask me, too, why I gave her red hair. I didn't. It was red. And as I described her long red braids as she sat on the shingle pile at Bright River Station, I did not foresee a curious situation of the future when four prominent lawyers of the Boston Bar would sit around a table piled high with dictionaries and books of engravings, and argue heatedly for three mortal days over the exact tint of *Anne's* tresses. Were they or were they not Titian red? And if they were, then just what shade exactly was Titian red?

In due time *Green Gables* was completed and started out to find a publisher. Eventually one was found and Anne

made her bow to a world that took her at once to its heart. To my unbounded surprise I found that my little story seemed to possess universal appeal. Letters soon began to pour in. They have been pouring in ever since. *Anne* has gone through so many editions that I have lost count of them.

In 1921 *Anne* appeared in the "silent" pictures. Mary Miles Minter starred as *Anne*, but I did not like her. She was too "sugary sweet"—not a scrap like my gingery *Anne*. There was a good Matthew and a good Marilla and a passable Gilbert, but on the whole the picture made me furious. The producers evidently thought it had to be "pepped up," and they introduced a lot of absurdities—among others, *Anne* at the door of her school, a shotgun in hand, standing off a crowd of infuriated villagers who were bent on mobbing her because she had whipped one of her pupils!

There were two things in the silent film that especially enraged me. One was the fact that in a scene at Queen's Academy, on the occasion of *Anne's* graduation, the Stars and Stripes was prominently displayed! The other was that on her way to a Sunday-school picnic *Anne* foregathered with a skunk which she mistook for a kitten!

Now, at that time there were no skunks in Prince Edward Island nor ever had been, and I was jealous for the good name of my fair native land. But "coming events cast their shadows before." A few years afterward some brilliant Island mind conceived the idea of breeding skunks for their fur. Fox farming was profitable. Why not skunk farming? Accordingly some man started a skunk ranch and imported several pairs of skunks. But the ranch did not pay. It was abandoned. The bars were thrown down and the skunks left to wander at their own sweet will. In a few years the Island was overrun with them. They became such a nuisance that the Government was compelled to offer a bounty per snout for deceased skunks. As a result the skunk population has been reduced but some still remain.

THE SILENT film was a huge box-office success but in mid-career it suddenly ceased to be. It had been advertised for release in Great Britain, but it was never shown and Mary Miles Minter disappeared with it. I never knew the reason for years. Then one day in a railway station I bought

IS THIS MY ANNE



Anne Shirley as the red-headed, hot-tempered girl of Prince Edward Island.

a book for train reading with the delightful title, *Twelve Unsolved Murder Mysteries*. Among them was that of William Desmond Taylor, the director of *Anne*, who had been found murdered on the floor of his Hollywood bungalow. The murderer, or murderess, was never discovered. Mary Miles Minter was not suspected of it, though it ruined the careers of two other [Continued on page 22]

be sorry for me now? I've learned so much in a year, I'm so terribly wise and old, centuries old. Starr, why, why did you marry Emily?"

She had never thought Starr cared much about money. But she could perceive that he might have changed, after having lost the girl he loved by his lack of it—changed and grown hard and set up money as a heathen god in his heart. Emily had ten millions of it—thin, dark Emily whom nobody but *déclassé* and impoverished foreigners or obvious fortune-hunters had ever wanted to marry before. A year ago, Delight Sargent had taken Starr soberly by one of his buttonholes and said, "Darling, do dance with Emily Pearson tonight. I'm going to have such a time with her. She gets stuck. But, of course, I had to ask her—we've known each other since dancing school." Starr had said, "You've known so many people since dancing school;" then with a tinge of bitterness, "It would be so different, wouldn't it, if I had gone to that same dancing school?"

Delight Sargent, busy with place cards and florists and white candles for her Christmas party, laughed and kissed him and called him "Goose" in a tender undertone. "I might marry you anyhow, even if you couldn't dance at all. No, don't, Starr, don't make me say anything yet. I still don't know, I'm not sure. Oh, Starr, I love all this." She waved her hand at the candles, the smilax, the silver on the big mahogany buffet.

"Tommyrot," said Starr gaily. "You'll marry me in the end, my sweet, wait and see. Good for you to do a little struggling. Keeps you alive."

The memory of that winter afternoon, a very rare afternoon, with Starr for tea and her mother out on a last-minute shopping trip, clung painfully. It hurt to remember Starr's blithe self-confidence. He hadn't understood, he had been so terribly unprepared. When, no more than a month later, the papers had stated that "Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Sargent announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Delight Sargent, to Mr. Timothy Shore, etc.," Starr had still not understood. From the set, frozen mold of his face the one time she had seen him—by accident on the street—before her marriage, she knew that her decision had been a shock and disillusionment. He had trusted their attraction for each other. He had trusted the quick, ardent surrender of her lips to his kisses. He had thought that, after a short period of feminine shilly-shallying, Delight would come to him and allow herself to be harnessed in a checked kitchen apron and housed in a two-room apartment, and they would be happy ever after. He hadn't worried for one instant about Tim Shore.

"Nice chap," he had said disinterestedly when Delight had once mentioned him, to be fair.

"But, Starr, he wants to marry me."

"You can't commit bigamy, young lady."

"Starr, haven't you ever heard of the Shores? They're old family stuff, nice secure, conservative fortune, all that. And Tim's nice. You know he's nice."

"Sure, but not for my Delight and joy . . ." and he had taken her in his arms.

There was so much to say to Starr, and she would never say it. When, in a few minutes, he crossed the room and tapped Bruce on the shoulder, interrupting her polite enquiries into mining engineering, she said only, "Hello, Starr."

"Hello, Delight. Enjoying the party?"

"Parties are my meat." Why didn't she dare to add, "Yes, my meat and drink and sustenance. They're all I have, except for my beautiful new dresses on velvet hangers in the closet, and my new spaniel with the silly long pedigree, and my well-trained servants, and the garden pool of my country house that I planned myself—and hours, and days, and weeks following each other..."

"Where are you living Starr?" she asked. He flushed. "In a house Mr. Pearson deeded to Emily."

"How nice."

She did not say, "Why did you marry Emily, Starr?" but she thought it. Starr knew she was thinking it.

He went on to say, "I have a nice, quiet study where I can write in peace. Emily's awfully sweet about shooing people away and keeping bells from ringing before they ring. By the way, you and Tim must drop in and see us some time."

"We'd adore to."

"What does Tim think about things now? Things looking up?"

"Oh, yes, up and up. But there'll never be quite such a boom as in 1928." The phrase was worn from use. Delight wanted to laugh or cry for having said it, for having come to a place in her life where she and Starr could be dancing around in a little circle and repeating inane platitudes to each other.

Suddenly she said in a low, tense voice: "I did love you, Starr. I want you to know that. But I was afraid. I was afraid of mother and people and life. I couldn't face loving you."

"Thank you, Delight," he said gently. She looked up fearfully and saw that that was all he was going to say.

"This room is so low and so close," she babbled on inanely, "and yet the ventilation is quite good, really. It's funny but every dance given here is a success."

Tim cut in and she told him she was rather tired and would like to sit down. She felt dull, as if her hair had already lost its gleam and her eyes faded from amber into dull tan. She looked into the mirror in her cloisonné compact and saw that it wasn't true, that she was still lovely and that the sherry-colored hair was still gleaming and rich. "Why did I feel suddenly old?" she asked herself, puzzled, and something deep and subconscious within her answered: "Because you were talking about a girl who is dead. There is no Delight Sargent any more. There is no one left whom Starr loves. He found that the girl he loved was gone—had died—or never existed. She was young and beautiful to look at, and she had courage to dare anything as long as she could look at him and be burned by his kiss; but she isn't alive now. This is Mrs. Timothy Shore, chairman of the Victory Ball junior committee and dozens of other committees, and Starr has no love for her, only gentleness because she looks like the girl who is dead."

"Is that ice water, Tim? Cold?" She held out her glass for him to fill. She struggled out of herself and plucked at Tim's elbow. "Do you see Page dancing with Bruce? I wonder why that never came to anything."

"Page is only a kid. Anyway, she's awfully shallow. Busy being the Most Popular Girl in town; leader of her set and all that. Bruce is a swell fellow."

"Page isn't shallow," said Delight defensively. "Not really. But she's stunning looking and naturally she gets a good bit of attention."

"And how she laps it up!"

"Tim, how mean of you!"

"Well, look at her now. Looking up at Bruce just so, beautiful smile exactly in place, pearly white teeth showing, neck arched to look like a swan or something—believe me, that's Art!"

"She's lovely to look at," said Delight justly.

"Second to you," Tim conceded. "Two of the best-looking women in the room right at this table. But Emily brings down the average."

"Poor Emily," murmured Delight from habit. Her eyes searched for her. It was hard to find her in that dull blue dress with the bunchiness at the waist—an expensive

Continued on page 22

"THE MINISTER'S WIFE" . . . a vivid description of just what the community expects of her—by Jean Stevenson. Another in the series on "The World's Worst Job."

IN THE FEBRUARY CHATELAINE.

"I hate tattle-tales!..



...and here's how I chased them out of my house"



"My sister was the one who opened my eyes . . . 'Bess, you're a hard worker,' she said, 'but these clothes of yours are such tattle-tales. That grayish look tells everyone who comes to the house that they aren't really clean!' . . . I was furious, but I took her advice. I stopped buying 'trick soaps' and gave Fels-Naptha Soap a try."

"And what a lucky day! It takes a second to chip Fels-Naptha into the water in my washing machine. Then I whirr it a bit—and it piles up with grand creamy suds. I never dreamed golden soap is so much richer. And Fels-Naptha is full of clean-smelling naptha! Of course, dirt hasn't a chance. Even grimy, greasy dirt floats right out."



"Everybody says nice things about my washes now—no more tattle-tale gray in my house. John says that red look is gone out of my hands, too. There's soothing glycerine in Fels-Naptha, you see. In fact, Fels-Naptha is so gentle to everything that I use it for all my silk undies and dainty in-the-basin washes." ... Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

© 1935, FELS & CO.

Banish
"Tattle-Tale Gray"
with
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

Your House and Your Health



HOW you live is often far more important to your health than where you live. A striking example of what proper sanitation can do is shown in the Panama Canal Zone. Down there, homes have been made healthful as a result of the work done by the Sanitation Department of the United States Army. Constant vigilance keeps them so. Your home, wherever it is, requires equal vigilance.

Take an inspection trip through your house, from attic to cellar, and see whether the heating, lighting, plumbing and ventilating systems are in condition to give you and your family a full measure of health and safety. Should any of them be repaired, altered, or replaced?

If you find that your house is in apple-pie order, you will be gratified. If you find a condition which should be corrected, you will be glad to do what is necessary to make your home safer, more healthful and more comfortable.

INSPECT THOROUGHLY

Heating

Do your heating arrangements keep your home at an even temperature—about 70°? Have the flues and chimneys been cleaned recently? Is coal gas emitted from furnace or stoves?

Plumbing and Drains

It is essential to health that sewage should be properly disposed of, and that plumbing and drains be kept in repair. Is hot and cold water available for kitchen, bathroom and laundry?

Electric Wiring and Gas Outlets

Defective electric wiring or connections may cause fires. Gas leaks may cause suffocations or explosions. In case of doubt get professional advice. Repairs must be made by a qualified expert.

Ventilation and Screens

Adequate ventilation is important to health, but drafts cause discomfort and also waste fuel. Inspect the casings of doors and windows to see that they open easily and close tightly.

Screens at the proper season are nec-

sary to keep out flies and mosquitoes—disease carriers.

Food Protection

Does your refrigerator hold its temperature between 40° and 50° and keep perishable food in proper condition—especially the milk?

Leaks, Cracks or Breaks

Is there dampness in cellar or attic caused by a leak? Do clogged drain pipes or gutters at the edge of your roof furnish breeding places for mosquitoes? Is there broken plaster in walls or ceilings in which vermin may breed? Shaky stairs? Weak banisters? Loose boards in floorings? They add to the number of falls—the most frequent of all accidents in homes.

Lighting

Correct lighting is needed to prevent eyestrain. Many a fall has been prevented by properly placed lights—particularly in halls and on stairways.

Garbage

Proper disposal of refuse and garbage is imperative.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER,
PRESIDENT



CANADIAN
HEAD OFFICE
OTTAWA

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

Under Cover of Music

(Continued from page 11)

and last of the dances. So she assented indifferently when Jim asked her again to dance.

"Marvellous music," came the murmur against her ear.

"Dear old Joe Moss," she replied automatically as she had replied so often before. Jim was being cut in on.

"Bruce," she said faintly, looking up. The word seemed beautiful to her lips. She wanted to say it over and over, "Bruce, Bruce, Bruce"—but she kept quiet. She wondered if you were expected to be gracious and conversational to men who kissed you and went away—and stayed away two years. No scrap of a letter, no word of good-by; merely, one night, the man's arms hard about you and "Page, I love you so. Page—kiss me, darling, darling—" And the next night, as if it had all been a dream, a girl speaking to another girl in the dressing room of the St. Regis, "Have you heard about Bruce? He got this engineering job and sailed to the West Indies at noon today! Action, what I mean." The finger that had been outlining a young mouth with rouge wavered and you had to rub it all off and start over again. You kept your voice low and very firm and you questioned the girl with elaborate casualness, but that was all she knew. You went on fixing your mouth. And now, tonight, the two years rolled back and these arms were Bruce's and the orchestra went far back and played nostalgic bits from yesterday's tunes that made you grow tight and tense everywhere, like stretched wire. And you lifted your motionless, brightly smiling face, tilting the head expertly, and said, "Isn't it marvellous? I adore these dances."

"Do you?" asked Bruce sharply.

"Why not? Good music, good crowd, and such giddy chandeliers," said Page.

"It's terrible," he said crossly. "Even after two years in the jungle with a wheezy phonograph, this is impossible. Imitation of life—pretty, highly colored, touched and retouched picture. No variation, no change, nothing happening."

"What ought to happen at a dance?" Page asked curiously. "Except music and dancing?"

"I don't know. Anything. You all went to a dinner party and ate. That was something. Then you come here. You waste a long, gorgeous January night with the cold and snow—the good, fresh cold!" and Bruce almost breathed it, "in polite talkings and walking-around-and-arounds. At the end you go home dead tired. You haven't done anything. You aren't changed in any fibre. You haven't seen a stirring play or read a moving book or talked about anything important. And you never let your veneer crack . . ."

Page thought, "If he knew—but he never will know." Deep inside she was thanking the long two-year experience in keeping her chin up, her face hard and gay and uncrumpled.

The music paused and Bruce piloted her back to the table. Putting her in her chair, he went back to Tim Shore and the man-to-man sports discussion they had been having. Page caught more words about Winchesters and decoys. She looked at Delight Shore.

Delight's sherry-colored hair was twisted and curled high on her head. Her amber eyes were unfathomable. Page could breathe the faint scent of jasmine that enveloped her, could just glimpse the curve of her white young bosom where the V of her gold lame dress was cut. It was like Delight to wear a low décolletage in a season of throat-high necklines. It was like her to wear a heavy old-fashioned gold bracelet with this dress rather than any of the diamond ones Tim

and Tim's family had given her. She had a flair for perfection and a basis of beauty to build it on.

"Back on the gold standard tonight, aren't you, Dee?" commented Page.

"Do you like it?"

"Lots," but Page had stopped thinking about Delight's gown. She was thinking, with a suddenly savage envy, of Delight's warm security—the sureness of being loved for ever and ever; of Delight's happy ending, which was the happy ending of all really successful debutantes. To be loved by someone as kind and estimable as Tim, to marry him with the warm approval of both families and a host of friends, and to let the muscles of a technique-hardened young face rest and relax. Dee could rest now. She needn't go out night after night with boys she despised; she needn't think up bright answers to the same old questions, nor laugh when she would rather cry, nor wonder what she was going to do with her life, where she was drifting.

Page's blue-grey eyes met the amber ones of Delight.

"Oh, I envy you," she said without speaking.

DELIGHT MET for an instant the clear smoke-tinted gaze. Thoughts rushed sharply through her mind. "If I could be like Page again! If I could go back and be where Page is now, with no decisions made, a second chance. She's so young. It's all clear and bright ahead of her. She can be anything and do anything. She's still alive."

She waited patiently for Tim to stop talking to Bruce Cunningham and turn to her. She wanted to dance. She had to dance, because Starr might cut in on her. It was almost an obligation for him to dance with her once, when they had been at the same dinner party. She hadn't seen him since his marriage a few months ago. She had to see him, and there was no way except a chance meeting at parties. The Timothy Shores and the Starr Edgertons (via Emily Pearson) moved in concentric circles. . . . going to tea at the same houses, belonging to the same clubs, subscribing to the same dance series. Yet for months, by some little irony of timing, she and Starr might not meet. She would comb a crowded drawing-room for his blonde head, taller than other heads, and not finding it, leave. A few minutes later, he and Emily might come. It was all rather terrible. Terrible, too, that after weeks of comparative peace, vacations and cruises with Tim, out-of-town week-ends away from New York—inevitably she would enter the house of a friend, her eyes wandering from group to group, with always that little stinging pain behind them, and mysteriously, suddenly, he would be there. He would be at the opposite end of the room, or close by—it didn't matter where, she would shiver and cringe under the old assault on her mind and senses.

It was with gratitude that she stood up beside Tim to dance. She was safe with Tim. He held her gently in kind, thick arms, talking intermittently about everyday things, seeing no farther than physical objects ten or twelve feet away from his nose. Heavy as he was, he was deft on a dance floor. He protected her toeless gold sandals from injury, and he held her thoughts back from introspection. You could not think too much when Tim was relating practical facts about bird dogs, the stock market, or the early spring planting of the garden. You had to pay attention and be ready to answer questions when he asked them. She was sorry when one of Page's swains cut in for his duty dance, but her pulse leaped. It might so easily have been Starr. Or Starr might cut now. He would feel awkward about cutting in on Tim.

There was so much she wanted to say to him that she knew she would never say. "I did love you, Starr—I loved you terribly, but I was afraid of being poor and obscure and dropping out of sight. . . . How could I know you'd be famous one year afterward? I wasn't brave enough. And I loved you without knowing how much. How much matters a lot, you know. Starr, can you forgive me for letting you down? Can you

BEAUTY CULTURE

GROWING YOUNGER

by Annabelle Lee

BELLS THROUGH the echoing night clash their creed: "New for old!" Away with outworn ideas, with unspent impulses and hoarded inhibitions. Renew them, spend them, break free from their grasp. Resolve now, before the year goes ringing into the past, to make room in your life for beauty.

There's leisure. Leisure to think in solitude for a space each day. At first—and don't tell me you haven't time, for time is as flexible as song—use this space to get mentally adjusted to your new resolve. To sort out thoughts and memories which are rich and colorful from those you've saved from force of habit. Acquiring a new perspective on life is fun. You'll find you can do all sorts of things you never before admitted were possible!

If you're a business woman you'll learn to strip off your matter-of-fact, sexless mask. (I quote a Frenchwoman who thinks that's what is the matter with Canadian girls.) You'll learn to soften just a little, to depend a bit more, to retain your clean-cut, friendly charm, yet to grow more womanly. You'll learn to do this even though you're tongue's in your cheek all the time.

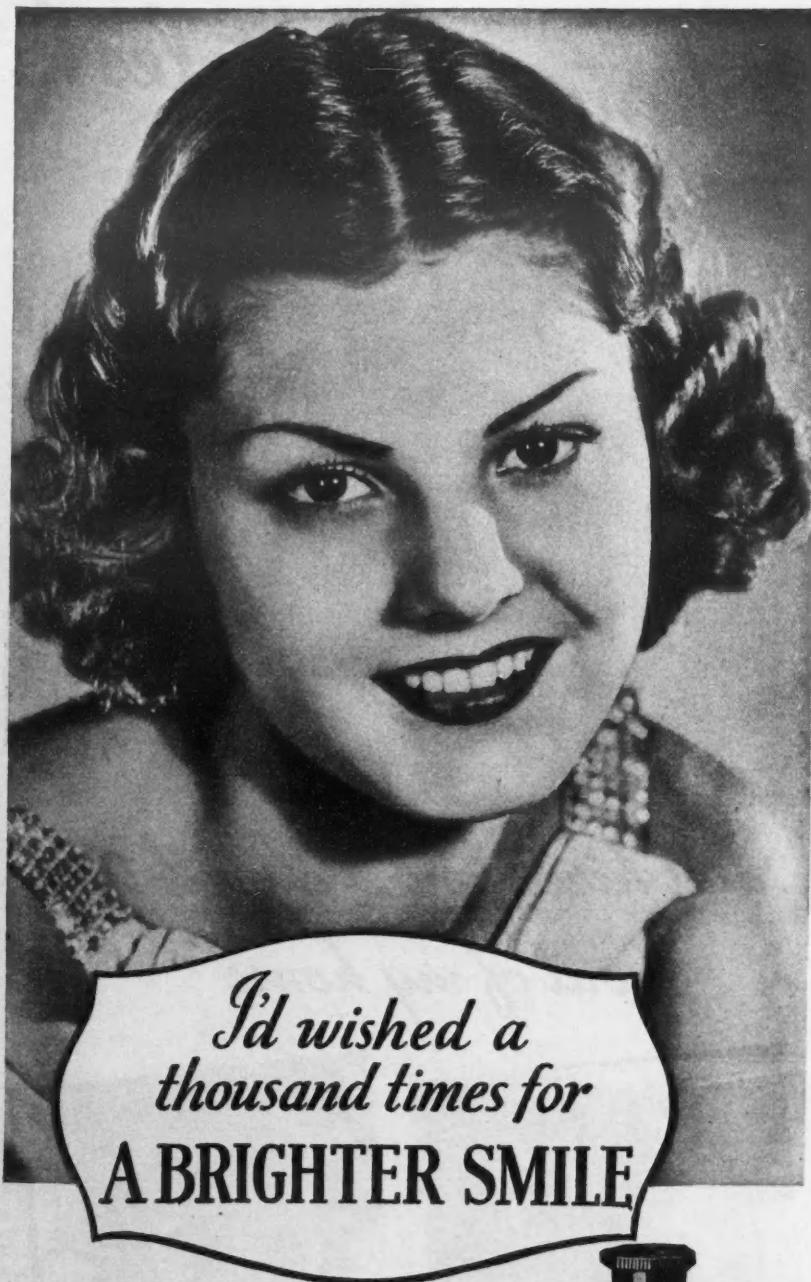
If you're a stay-at-home person you'll learn to do things—you'll take up a hobby, go in for one sport, get out of doors into the keen, fresh, zestful air. I meet so many forty-ish wives who speak wistfully about their girlhood skating and snowshoeing days. They've grown into the habit of thinking that all such frivolous energies are hopelessly gone for them. Just one of those cobwebby inhibitions they've permitted to clutter up their minds! Break it down by stepping into your snowshoes again, or buckling on your skates, and renew your zest for living.

There's the healing of beauty and gay enchantment in finding out how purple are the shadows cast on lemon-yellow snow. And there's a mental and physical exhilaration you've forgotten in the sting of cold air and the fast, rhythmic movement of your body.

And no matter who you are or what your age, you'll find time for feminine graces. You'll remember that hands are expressively lovely things, and that their gestures can adorn a woman's conversation so that afterward she is said to be charming when she has, perhaps, spoken nothing but commonplaces. That voices attract when they are low-pitched and shaded with interpretive inflections; that the gift of giving full value to the sound and meaning of words is one that is worth cultivating for the enrichment of your personality. You'll carry yourself gallantly—chin lifted, shoulders back, tummy flat-as-a-pancake, hips swinging forward—you know. You'll wear a clear-as-a-Canadian-winter's-day complexion, and your hair will gleam with the burnished brushing you've given it. You'll step forward proudly and surely into 1935, with your heart clean-swept of all regrets, and your blood tingling with the adventure of living for beauty!



A Department for
Style, Health and Personality



ONE TUBE OF COLGATE'S GAVE IT TO ME!

IT WAS so annoying to see other girls with lovely smiles get all the dates. I didn't dare smile because my teeth were dull and unattractive. Then I tried Colgate's! Just one tube showed me that my teeth were white under the grey film that ordinary toothpastes can't remove. Now my smiles are bright too."

Colgate's cleans better because it cleans in two ways:

FIRST: Colgate's penetrates into every tiny crevice. Cleans your teeth thoroughly.

SECOND: It polishes your teeth—with the same safe ingredient most dentists use.

And Colgate's peppermint flavour keeps your breath sweet and fresh.

We're so sure of Colgate's that we say: Use Colgate's every night and morning. If one tube doesn't make your teeth whiter, return the empty tube to your dealer. He'll refund its cost.

"COLGATE'S" ON DENTAL CREAM MEANS THE SAME AS "STERLING" ON SILVER



Is This My Anne?

[Continued from page 18]

stars; but the police found in Desmond's desk a packet of letters which proved that the little golden-haired star who was heralded as a rival to Mary Pickford, had been in love with her director—who had a wife somewhere—and the great American public threw back its head and howled. Her career was ended and every film in which she had starred was hastily withdrawn from circulation.

That was thirteen years ago. The other day I sat and watched the "talkie" with mingled feelings. On the whole I liked it much better than the silent picture. Naturally, no picture can, in the very nature of things, reflect the characters and setting just as the author has conceived them. So at times I had the sensation of watching a story written by somebody else.

The little girl who played the part of Anne—whom we must call Anne Shirley, since she has taken that name for the screen—is a good Anne. There were many moments when she tricked even me into feeling that she was Anne. I loved the "rick-rack" braid on her pinafore: it was just what I wore myself once. Matthew, whom I have always seen with a long grey beard, seemed a stranger to me at first, but he was so good that I finally forgave him his clean-shaven face. Oddly enough, both Matthew and Gilbert Blythe were exceedingly like the Matthew and Gilbert of the silent pictures, though entirely different people. Marilla was not the tall, thin, austere Marilla of my conception, but it was impossible to help liking her. I had, for the time being, the conviction that although Marilla was not the least like that, she should have been.

Of all the cast I liked Mrs. Barry the least. They tried to make a composite of

Mrs. Barry and Rachel Lynde, and the hybrid result was not satisfactory. And Diana was a washout.

There were no American flags in the picture. Canada and the Island were given some credit for the story. Prince of Wales College was even mentioned by name. Which indicates some faint glimmerings of a sense of geography on the part of Hollywood, which seemed entirely lacking in the silent version. The opening views are real Island pictures but the rest of the setting is California, not Prince Edward Island; and "Green Gables" is New England colonial and not an Island farmhouse. The river where Anne was nearly drowned, while dramatizing *Elaine*, is not my blue Lake of Shining Waters. But how could it be? One must not be unreasonable.

Naturally, the introduction of dialogue into the picture adds to the verisimilitude and is a distinct asset to stories which, like mine, owe much of their interest to the "talk." The producers sent me a copy of the script, but I had no "say" in it in any way or in any features of the story which was bought outright from the publishers. For two-thirds of the film my story was followed with reasonable fidelity. In the remaining third the producers "produced" a narrative of their own for the purpose of providing Anne with a love story. They dragged in the old Montague-Capulet motif and everything ended bee-yew-tifully, with Matthew—who died in the book—rescued from the brink of the grave. But I am devoutly thankful that they did not end the story with a long lingering kiss between Anne and Gilbert. Had they done so I would have risen up and shrieked!

On the whole, the "talkie" gave me a much greater sense of reality than the silent picture. And I looked back to the evening of long ago, when I began the story of Anne with a smile and a sigh. For it is a "far cry" from those days to these, and the creation of the story and its characters and atmosphere gave to me a delight that Hollywood cannot give or take away.

To see one's own story on the screen certainly provides plenty of "thrills." But one always wonders!

Under Cover of Music

[Continued from page 21]

dress but not for Emily. She saw Starr's wheat-golden head first. Foolishly, inconsistently, it came to her with a little shock that he was dancing with his wife.

"But he has to dance with her sometimes—to keep her from getting stuck," she told herself desperately, never taking her eyes from them. Without knowing what she was going to prove by her surveillance of Starr and Emily, she knew vaguely that it would be something—that she would see some aspect of their relationship to each other. Suddenly she thought that she must know, she must see, before she could find any measure of peace for herself—before she could settle down into her secure middle-age at twenty-two.

"Looking for anyone?" asked Tim. His eyes held both kindness and comprehension but she did not see.

"No," she said absently.

Starr and Emily were talking as they waltzed. It looked like a low, intimate conversation such as a husband and a wife may conduct in monosyllables, but it couldn't be, of course. Not with Emily, who was not even pretty. Then the conversation stopped. Delight saw with a thrill of pain Starr's arm as it tightened—tightened protectively, tenderly, about Emily's reed-thin waist. They reversed and twirled around, and Delight saw only Starr's black back, but

Emily's face appeared just over his shoulder—Emily's darkly radiant face, its sharp chinline, its narrow aristocratic nose, curved and softened with happiness. "Starr," formed the tremulous lips . . .

DELIGHT FELT very cold, like a homeless stranger looking into the windows of a warm, firelit room. She crossed her white arms and hunched her shoulders together.

"Do you want your wrap, darling?" asked Tim anxiously.

Out of the haze of thought and pain she registered dimly, "Dear Tim. Don't leave me, Tim;" and aloud she said, "No, thank you. I'm not cold."

Starr had loved a girl who had died. Her physical image was that of young Mrs. Timothy Shore; but the girl's soul, young, ardent and gallantly courageous, he had found again in Emily; in dark, thin, ecstatic Emily. All his life he would be gentle toward young Mrs. Shore and he would love Emily.

"I deserved it," she whispered with dry lips. "I had it coming to me, Tim."

"There's a lot to life, Delight," said Timothy quietly, "and there are so many kinds of love."

Tim always knew. He looked heavy and good-humored, sensible and unimaginative and he was all of those things. It was only his love for her, Delight understood, that made him as prescient as a medium where she was concerned. He didn't talk much, and he was so kind that it made tears spring to her eyes. Tim deserved more from life than he was getting.

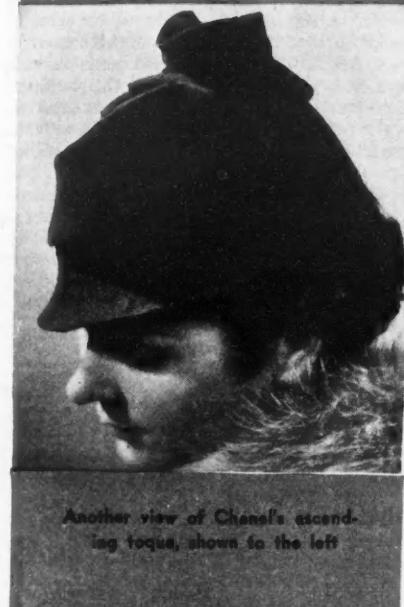
"I wish—I wish," she faltered.

"Don't, Dee. . . . Shall we go home now? I think you're a bit tired."

They said good-by to the members of their party that they could find, and walked slowly up the stairs to the coat rooms.

Continued on page 36

by
KAY
MURPHY



Another view of Chanel's ascending toque, shown to the left.



The wide brim, wavy in front, softens the severity of a high crown. Patou

tailored sleeves and back belts, just like a Norfolk, and every bit as trim.

The Peek-a-boo back on the newest evening frocks is a tricky way to make a dress work overtime. When you want it for a supper occasion, the back is demurely in place, hitched on to the circlet neck. Then, when the affair is more formal—zip! off comes wide, shaped strap, and there you are!

Back interest continues in the smarter evening and dinner dresses, with fullness stressed at the hemline. The front of the dress is very, very simple; oftentimes gathered right up to the throat in Shirring or the halter-type neckline. But the back—well, it is minus! Every woman must have at least one taffeta or more dress in her evening wardrobe. And how we love the glamor and the swish of its stiff fabric. The "dusty" colors are so flattering, and they are here, in rose, blue and green, each one so delectable that you simply won't be able to resist them.

You'll get a second glance—and several more—if your evening gown is one of those stunning matelasses in dead white. Stud it with rhinestones, if you want to gleam like a crisp, starlit winter evening.

Something gallant about a cape, and you'll be right on the top rung of style if your evening wrap be of white fur in cape shape. For wearing over the cocktail dress, a fur cape is very chic and, of course, when you wear it over a suit or coat you must add on a matching muff.

Tunics are still with us and must be on us too, for they are very smart, especially in an afternoon dress. Rather shorter now than earlier in

the season—and split up, the front to the waistline. Saw a stunning black matelasse afternoon dress with this kind of tunic. The neckline was of white, and a huge white lingerie medallion was used as a jabot.

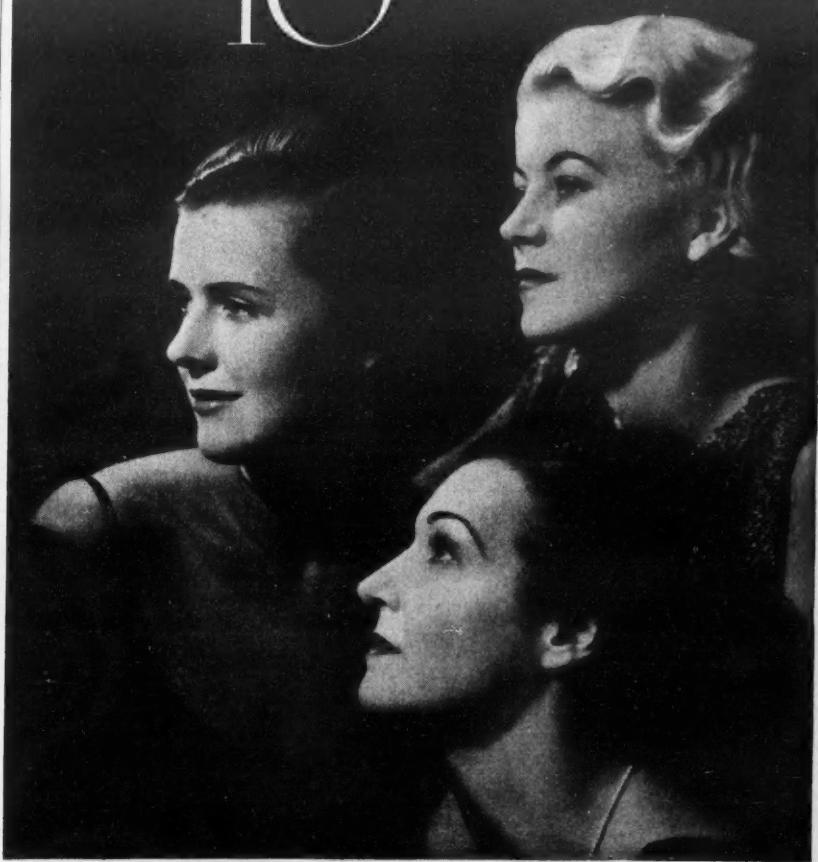
Giddy and gay are the printed crêpes to wear under the hem-length fur coat—or for that contemplated cruise down South.

When the square crown grows taller, it becomes a cone—as in Patou's stitched brown felt



What every woman wants

now 10¢



**The surest way to
"THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH"
now costs you but one little dime**

RECENTLY, the price of Woodbury's Facial Soap was changed from 25c to 10c. Did that mean any change in the character of this finest of all beauty aids?

Not to any woman who knows the Woodbury traditions! She knows that John H. Woodbury's name will never appear on any product containing less than the best, irrespective of price.

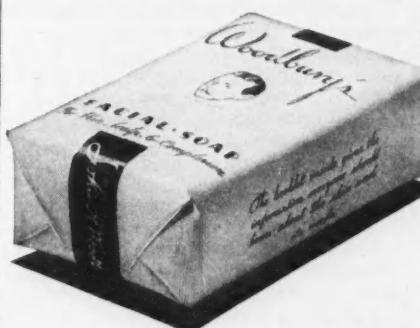
She knows...and she is right...that the new cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap at 10c, is identical, both in quality and quantity, with the cake long sold at 25c.

Woodbury's is MORE than a soap. It is a scientific, ethical beauty treatment from the formula of a famous skin specialist, which took first honors over all other beauty preparations in the Beauty Clinics held by the dermatologists of 9 nations.

The big new 10c cake of Woodbury's will give your skin the fresh, youthful tone, the lovely, smooth texture you've longed for. At drug and department, and the better grocery stores.

Don't miss these star programs—BING CROSBY, Tuesdays, 9:00 P. M. E. S. T., Columbia Network . . . "DANGEROUS PARADISE", thrilling radio drama, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, N. B. C., 7:45 P. M., E. S. T.

SEND FOR "WOODBURY LOVELINESS KIT"



Avoid imitations. Look for the head and signature, John H. Woodbury, Inc. on all genuine Woodbury products.

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 414, Perth, Ontario
Enclosed find 10c. Send me the "Woodbury Loveliness Kit", containing a guest size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, generous tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, and six packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one each of the six fashionable shades.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Prov. _____

MADE IN CANADA

Why is Cold Weather HARDER ON MY HANDS than on my Face?

Because the skin
on your hands
is DIFFERENT—
dries out faster



THE OILY SKIN of your forehead is different from the skin on your hands. The protecting film of natural oil guards the skin of your face against chapping and dryness.

HAND SKIN is non-oily—defenseless against harsh winds that rob the skin cells of the special non-oily secretion that keeps hand skin softly young. That's why it so easily roughens and chaps.

SOFT YOUNG HANDS are an invitation to romance! But hands soon lose their thrilling tenderness unless they have special care and protection. For nature has left unguarded the moisture of the inner skin cells.

Drying winds, cold weather, grime, all rob the skin of the non-oily moisture that keeps it live and beautiful.

Hand skin soon dries out, gets rough. Too often painful chapping results.

Puts moisture back into the skin

To overcome this, the peculiar moisture hands need must be put back inside the skin. Then the shriveled cells can expand, the skin becoming soft and smooth once more.



Jergens Lotion, combining exactly the ingredients the cells thirst for, puts back the kind of moisture of which the skin has been deprived.

Recent experiments show that Jergens goes into the skin more completely than any other lotion tested.

Because it is so rapidly absorbed by the inner cells, it never feels sticky! Almost immediately the taut skin relaxes—your hands are softer, smoother. One of the ingredients in Jergens Lotion is marvelous for softening. Another whitens the skin.

All drug and department stores carry Jergens Lotion in 50¢ and \$1.00 sizes. A convenient small size may be had at the ten-cent stores, too.



FREE—Generous Trial Bottle

See for yourself—Jergens goes into the skin better than other lotions do!

Fill in and mail this coupon—

The Andrew Jergens Co.
Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

Jergens
Lotion

Made in Canada



Chanel features the square crown in brown felt. Crosse feathers curl over the brim



Green felt curves spirally and twists into a graceful chou

An ermine tail around your wrist... the newest bracelet idea! And, if it's matched up with Miss Ermine's paws as a clip — why, nothing more could be desired. Grand on black, of course.

If you are planning to dash South, you'll love the new clothes that have been specially created for resort wear. Dashing orange, deep yellow, daring reds, exotic blues — all these vivid shades are overcoming the paler pastels in favor. And the cottons are darling! Off-plaid ginghams, striped seersuckers, "Island" patterned cottons (designs created from inspirations gained by stylists visiting the tropic islands), all of which are forerunners of the gay styles that are already being prepared for next spring.

Tiny forget-me-nots, and violets, and oh, so small other flowers are making the newest fur-coat hats extremely enchanting. Such a gay top to peep out over the sombre fur coats.

Just about now you're longing for a new dress, and if you want a tip from one who knows, choose it in black crêpe with a dashing white lingerie collar or jabot. They're all the rage down here, and promise to go better still after the holidays.

If you're giving silk stockings as a gift, here's a tricky way to package 'em. Roll them up in a tube shape, wrap them in gay Cellophane, and tie both ends into a Christmas cracker effect. For that Night of Nights when the dance dress must be a thing of beauty, let your mind concentrate on one of the new, crisp bouffants in moiré or taffeta or, perchance, slipper satin. Choose one that is slim in front, with ripple movement toward the back, and either a high-front neckline, or a du Barry-like dropped shoulder effect. Swe-l-l-l.

They're wearing a lot of those jewel-studded sandal slippers for evening hops. And they do gleam excitingly below the floor-length hemlines.

If you're given to sweaters, they're making them now like tailored jackets. No more of the casual kind that sometimes fit and oftentimes don't. Now they have bi-swung shoulders,



Reminiscent of the gob, but Patou's squarish crown and wide, tilted brim testify to 1935

The Greatest Gain

(Continued from page 14)

landing could stay her for a moment's sollicitous call. Mother and her sorrow and her memories must wait. Out in the night was Robin, walking up and down the little park, up and down, his hands in his pockets, pain like hers in his heart, and really dreadful love like hers, greater than it had ever been, because it was captive of the days; it was so much because they could give it so little; its wings were too strong because they could not soar.

They could not speak for minutes. They could not even wait to gain the shadow of the trees. They clung in silence and Robin's heart thumped hard against his thin young chest; they did not kiss but held each other tightly until the anguish of the imminent parting was gone. Alone, each lived these days in the hour of that parting which was to come, but together, in such close embrace, they achieved a momentary illusion of security and the dark future was shut out by the barrier of their twining arms.

They found a seat at last. They kissed and talked and even laughed, but inevitably a moment came when laughter was strangled in their throats, and Robin twisted the small hand he held in a grip which hurt, and lifted his eyes from the pale blur which was Margie's face, pillowied against his breast, to stare moodily at the black trees where winds sighed.

Margie lifted herself in his arms and caught at his shoulders.

"You mustn't. Darling, please! We said we wouldn't until the last night. We swore we wouldn't talk about it or think about it until the last minute when we have to. We've got to pretend."

"I can't pretend."

"You must. Darling. Let's pretend it's that first summer night. You remember when we sat here and found we were quite warm, although it was so late, and that queer, excited feeling we had, as if something beautiful was going to happen, and you recited that bit of poetry about the warm winds." Nothing lyrical about Margie but at her words that dawning, summer loveliness swept over them, and the pain of remembering was worse than anything they had yet suffered, so that they clung to each other again and Margie cried a little and Robin muttered, "But the summer is nearly over." Then because they couldn't bear it they strove to comfort each other. They became most determined in their optimism.

After all, Singapore was not so far away these days, with airplanes and wireless. Distance didn't mean anything any more. And when you loved, time was annihilated, too. The two years—no, perhaps only eighteen months—would pass in a flash. Letters and letters, and cables on the worst days. Think of the day when she would step off the boat into his arms. They would be married on that day. She wouldn't mind being married with no one there but strangers? Girls did it every day. Travelled out to meet their lovers. It would be rather exciting. All the strangeness of it. And here at home she would be getting all the things for their house. That is, as soon as he could begin sending her money. Perhaps by the January sales? He might be able to send a cheque in time for the sales. She was going to love getting the things and she would be economical.

But they would have been together, waiting.

"What's the use!" Robin groaned. "I haven't enough faith in myself or in you. It's something wrong with our generation. We can't wait. Our parents could. They were more rigid. Pledges were sacred. A promise could not be broken by years and seas. But now—"

"Oh, you're wrong! It hasn't anything to do with generations. It's people. Individuals. Some stay faithful and some break faith. In any generation, Robin." Suddenly cold fear clutched at her throat.

"Haven't you faith, Robin?"

"Yes. I suppose so."

"Haven't you, Robin?"

He was tormented. "I don't know. All I know is I love you and that it's right. I know that if anything happens, the whole of our lives will be wrong. Losing each other will put our lives all wrong. But how can I tell what these two years will do to us? At first I'll think of nothing but you. But after a year? Two years perhaps? Perhaps it will be so bad wanting you, that I'll try not to think of you. Perhaps I'll look for other interests, go about with people—girls. And when the hurt of wanting you is dulled, perhaps the sureness of wanting you will be dulled too. Do you understand, Margie? I know it's dangerous to be honest like this. But I've got to be. Things might go wrong, and I might lose the sureness I have tonight of our being right for each other. The absolute sureness... and then not find it again."

She stroked his cheek and stared past him at an oasis of light which a lamp cast in the park's darkness. It was no use saying that if he couldn't wait two years for her, he was not worth having. Love in the heart had nothing to do with a man's worth or his worthlessness. Some men had to live with their love for their love to live. Others did not need that. That was all.

WHEN SHE let herself into the hallway and shut the door, shut Robin out into the night, she allowed the fear to take hold of her. Her mouth twisted as she leaned against the door, and tears came and she did not try to blink them away. She brushed aside the barrier of words which she had built during that last hour in the park, and which had seemed to comfort Robin. She had affirmed her own faith so vehemently so that it seemed strong enough to guard them both. But now she knew that all she really had was hope. A little faith, but not enough to make this parting bearable.

There was a clamor of voices coming from the living room but she did not hear it until she was actually at the door, and even then it was an effort to bring her mind to what was happening there. Something was happening. She brushed the back of her hand across her eyes and looked from one to the other of her family. Chrissie was still there, and Ralph too was standing with his back to the fireplace. Ralph was the first to perceive her and called:

"Hello, Margie," he smiled his weak, good-humored smile.

Then Margie saw her mother, lying back in the big chair, her eyes closed; then she looked at the others, and their faces were strange and violent. Only Ralph seemed as usual, and her mother, lying there, as if she had fallen asleep.

"What's happened?" Margie said. "What's the matter? Mother, is she ill?" A new fear swelled in Margie's breast. But her mother opened her eyes.

"No, dear. No, there's nothing the matter. I didn't notice you come in."

"Well. . . ."

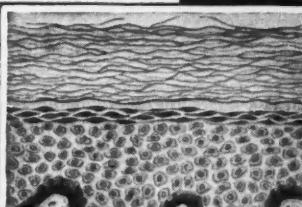
The others did not seem to bother about the girl's bewilderment. The moment of silence which her entrance had produced passed and the voices broke out again. Brenda and Tom were shouting at one another. Chrissie said nothing, but her face was quite pale with anger and she stared at her mother. She seemed to be trying to beat

Rough Skin made fine, smooth

SKIN SOFTENER

MELTS DRY, HORNY CELLS

RESTORES SOFTNESS



• Epidermis, or outer skin. Its horny cells dry, causing roughness. (Illustration by permission of publisher.)



HARSH, DRY SKIN... caused by rough, dried particles. These are dead cells of the horny layer of the skin.

A SATIN-SMOOTH COMPLEXION... Horned, dead cells smoothed away. *Lady Brougham and Vaux* says, "Pond's Vanishing Cream is an exquisite and certain protection against sun and wind—holds my powder faithfully."

ROUGH skin is dry skin. This dryness really consists of horny cells—desiccated cells—which cling to the outer surface of the skin. They make it appear rough and harsh. Rob it of its youthful clarity and fresh appearance.

How can you dissolve these dead, horny cells? How bring out the smooth, radiant skin beneath? We asked a dermatologist.

Dermatologist Explains How—

"It is possible," he said, "to melt the horny substance on the skin with a cream which possesses keratolytic properties, namely, vanishing cream. This cream dissolves horny, desiccated cells, then the fresh young cells beneath are apparent. Vanishing cream also prevents sun and wind from too quickly evaporating the skin's moisture."

Pond's Vanishing Cream serves the skin two ways. It protects from dryness and harshness. It restores softness and transparency to the rough, harsh skin.

Smooth on this fluffy cream at night

after cleansing. Let it melt like a mist over face, neck, arms, elbows, hands. Every application refines—satiny. Little roughnesses and chapping fade away. The skin becomes silken smooth.

Holds Powder For Hours

And Pond's Vanishing Cream will do even more. It is a glamorous powder base. Film your skin with it. See your powder smooth on like a charm. Cling closely. Stay fresh and even for hours. Your skin, itself, will look velvet-soft—alluring—with that radiant clarity all admire.

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NEXT MONTH... "Bread on the Waters," by Allan Swinton, will be one of the distinctive Canadian novels of 1935. Read it first in Chatelaine.

BEGINNING IN FEBRUARY.

SOMETIMES

.. under the mistaken impression that all napkins are about alike . . . women patiently put up with anxiety and discomfort when all they need to do is "Ask for DeLong Delnaps."



If you stop to think about it (or better still—try a box of DeLong Delnaps yourself) you'll soon realize there is a difference. Women are turning to DeLong Delnaps for these two advantages—

1. *Delnaps' Pad contains 40 layers of Cellulose, 10 more than the average . . . Absorbs more, penetrates slower, giving Safer Protection.*

2. *Delnaps' Gauze will not absorb... Stays soft indefinitely (can't dry hard and scratchy). Much more comfortable.*

Ask for Delnaps by name . . . in the convenient Jade-green box.

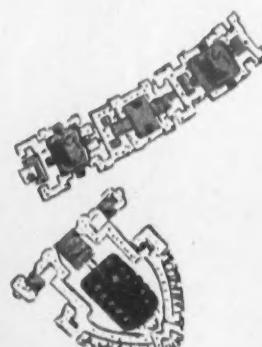
DeLong Hook & Eye Company
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- Extra Layers
- Long-way Absorption
- Non-absorbent Gauze
- Softer • Invisible



FOR YOUR BIG MOMENTS



Glamorous Scheherazade costume jewellery. Below, a muff-bag to match your bunny.



The "different" in afternoon bag and gloves. Above is a monkish wrap for zero gay-nights.

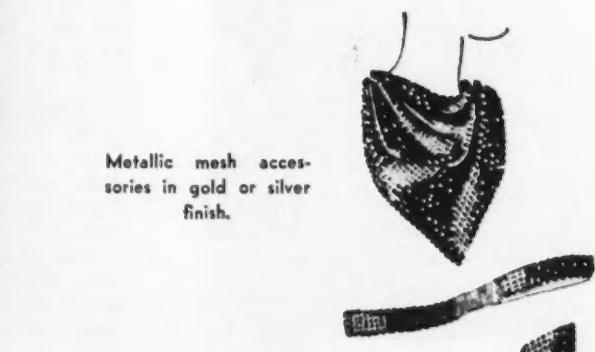


Pin enormous pansies to your shoulders.

with matching slippers. Fur purses can be bought or made to match coats, collars or capes—witness the delightful ensemble shown. Afternoon bags sport curioser and curioser designs—as that in bone on boxcalf shown above. Notice the ultra-Tudorish looking gloves? At the top of the page to the right, there's a set of the new metallic mesh accessories. You can get them in silver or gold—cowl collar-scarf, belt and cuffs, besides countless small gadgets to hang about one's person.

You may wear your flowers almost anywhere these independent nights—across the base of the throat on a high-at-the-front frock; tucked in at the waist or fastened around your wrist. A lovely way is to pin enormous pansies to your shoulders, indicating a becoming off-the-shoulder neckline. For near-zero gay-nights there's nothing nicer or more chic than the monkish wrap shown. It's in velvet, and the richly lined hood may be flung back like a collar when desired.

Metallic mesh accessories in gold or silver finish.



Fur bags to match fur collars or capes.



The delicate charm of Fragonard ensemble jewellery. Below, the Princess Yolanda earring.



Go exotic in scarlet and gold slippers, with matching purse



IT'S THE ENDEARING small fripperies that change a woman from a nicely dressed person into a chic *femme du monde*. Even if deep inside you're not sophisticated at all, it's fun to masquerade occasionally—fun to play at expressing your individuality in a dozen small ways. The accessories and costume jewellery sketched on this page are being hailed on the Rue de la Paix and Fifth Avenue, and, what is greatly to the point, they're to be found in Canadian city shops—if you're interested we'll let you know where.

Jewels to bewitch your simple, clinging frock. At the top of the page to the left, Scheherazade, which is all that the name implies—colorful, glamorous, brilliant—glowing, varicolored stones to gleam against your throat, your wrist, or against the sheen of silk. To the right there's Fragonard—delicate wee flowers in charming pastel colors set in every conceivable form of adornment. Imagine powdering your nose with a compact which matches your earrings, clip and ring! Below this is one of the delicious Princess Yolanda earrings. They flare forward on to the cheek in sprays of silver or gold stars, or in circular or geometrical designs, being held in place by a thin wire curving behind the ear.

Purses for evening are larger. You can wear a lapin muff-and-bag with your bunny-coat if you like, or go exotic in scarlet and gold velvet

Blind Man's Buff

(Continued from page 5)

"Yes," agreed the man. "A fine name for a very fine person, no doubt."

The girl glanced at him swiftly, then continued: "You are right about that." She seemed hesitant about going on.

"Well?"

"Then somehow," she spoke slowly, "when I was about sixteen I began to understand that I was expected to like Michael very much. I was an orphan living on the generosity of an aunt. I would require, before many years, a protector, a husband. Sounds unbelievably musty and Victorian, but I couldn't avoid seeing what my two excellent aunts were about. Apparently I was to have no choice in the matter. If Michael approved of me, then all would be settled. I behaved with complete dreadfulness. I threatened to run away. I threw a healthy tantrum every day. I gave to Aunt Sarah regularly five headaches a week. I proved to be about as docile and Victorian as a hyena in a trap."

"What I don't get about all this," said Kincaid gruffly, "is why a girl who had it in her to chop up a family heirloom as you did this morning, should have let herself in for such antiquated bargaining. It doesn't make sense."

"No?" enquired Nance quickly. "Then perhaps this will clear up the situation. After I saw Michael I had no thought of running away."

Kincaid gave a sharp jerk on the reins. "Sorry, old chap," he mumbled contritely. "However, I actually did reach the point of packing a bag the day before Michael was expected. I'd never seen him, you understand. He'd lived for years abroad with his mother. I was seventeen by this time; there had been letters from one aunt to another, portions of which were read to me. I knew perfectly the trend of sentiment. Now I had all sorts of giddy clothes. I was twirled about by tailors and couturiers until I was ready to scream. I wish you to be modish and attractive," said Aunt Sarah. The girl's voice grew husky with feeling. "So, in a rage of resentment and a new sort of loneliness, I decided to fade out before the exhibition. At night I crept down the back stairs. Just as I reached the kitchen door, a car drove up to the side porch. Michael and his mother had arrived ahead of time. I quickly hid behind a vine to watch. A man got out of the car and offered his arm to Michael. I knew at once, of course, that the poor boy was blind. I could not run away then, Kincaid. I sneaked upstairs with no one the wiser. I felt mean and small and scared."

They had left the hilltop and were going down the next dip. Trees cracked their bare knuckles in the cold.

"Evidently," continued Nance, "Michael merely knew that he had a cousin once-removed, who lived at the house he was about to visit. Mrs. Salters had not written a word about the accident which blinded her son. She was frightfully upset, and she had hurried home as fast as possible. It was all ghastly and heartbreaking."

"Yes," answered the man, "I am beginning to see that it was."

After this they walked a quarter of a mile in silence. Then Kincaid suggested going into a small inn not far off, for hot coffee and waffles.

Once inside, Nance slipped off her fur coat and stood in her cardinal red dress,

warming her hands at the flame of an open fireplace. Her cheeks were whipped to high color by the stinging cold. She had pulled off her cap, and her dark curls were tumbling about her face. Kincaid, looking at her out of sombre eyes, was very glad indeed that he had had his say to her first.

They drank hot coffee; they filled crisp brown squares of waffles with maple syrup. They relaxed gratefully in the cheer of their surroundings. Soon, in a less strained voice, Nance went on with her narrative. "I fell in love with Michael. He was handsome, amusing and brave. He would never say much about his accident, but I learned that a gun went off—one of those absolutely unloaded ones. Whose, or how, or when, he'd never say. After a while we developed a silly game. The idea was simply to describe ourselves to each other—looks and character. Michael maintained that blindness did not hinder him in the least; he knew me exactly. So I let him build up for his imagination a girl totally different from myself. It seemed harmless enough and made him happy."

Kincaid's brown features looked homelier, stronger than ever in the lights and shadows thrown upon it from the open fire. His long legs were stretched before him. He lighted a pipe. "Go on, Nance," he said.

"Michael guessed that my hair was light. He said my eyes were blue, the old-fashioned violet he'd always loved as a romantic boy. He said I was very fair. Then he gave me my character, point by point, trait by trait. And to please him, I tried to be exactly as he said. It is impossible to be with anyone so fine, so brave, so charming, without loving him. I was honest in that."

"Quite," agreed Kincaid.

"Things went on like this for five years. I saw him at intervals. He had several operations on his eyes, none successful. Specialist after specialist said he could never regain his sight. So I left his analysis of me as it was." Now Nance stared at the man across the table and he stared back. A knowledge hung between them. But he would not disturb it by a single inopportune question. This was her story.

"Then," her eyes lowered, "we heard today about the success of this last operation which was done some time ago. A great gamble, but Michael won. He will be able to see moderately well, they say. He will arrive at my aunt's tomorrow."

"So," remarked Kincaid with a wry, gentle smile, "you hunted up a murderous hatchet and smashed the cherry dresser to flinders. Are you going to sit there, Nance, and try to convince me that was an exhibition of joy? You had to be savage."

She sent him a long look, half angry, half afraid. "Can't you comprehend how a wave gathers force and power—and then crashes over? All my years of straight-laced girlhood seemed to rise up to mock me. I wanted suddenly to destroy the symbol of it."

"Exactly. And may I gently point out that, to all appearances, you did not gain the ease you sought? I never saw anyone look more miserable or distract than you did at dinner tonight."

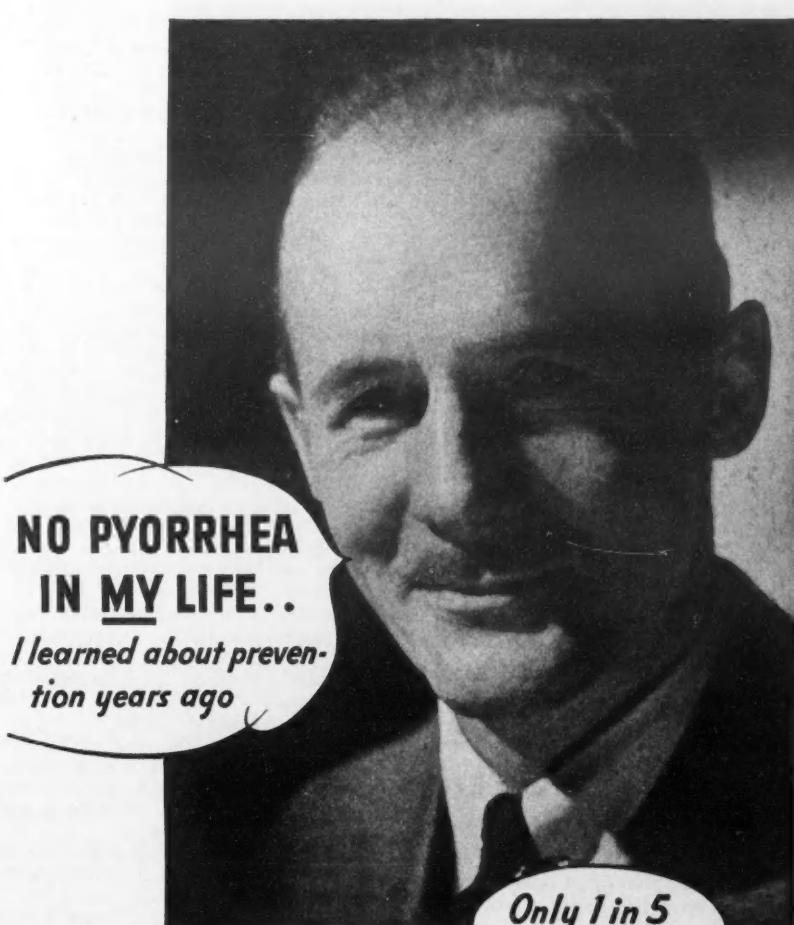
Nance said, "Indeed!" but kept her eyes on her hands.

Kincaid shook the ashes from his pipe. "And all the time I've known you," he said reprovingly, "you've never once mentioned Michael Salters. Have you not been a trifle sly with a good friend?"

"No." She would not qualify that short syllable. "Shall we go now?" She leaped up from her chair, looking like a quick red flame.

THEY WENT out again into the night and turned the horse toward home. Thin clouds veiled the stars. The happiness, the kindling joy of the night had been tarnished. Kincaid urged the horse to go faster and faster. He'd leave Copper Beeches early next morning.

"HAVE WE SEEN THE LAST OF FLAMING YOUTH? . . . an arresting discussion on young people and their parties, by Isabel Turnbull Dingman.
IN THE FEBRUARY CHATELAINE.



NO PYORRHEA IN MY LIFE..

I learned about prevention years ago

*Only 1 in 5
escapes*



IT takes foresight to prevent serious dental trouble, but what a great satisfaction there is in knowing that you have prevented it! There is nothing like dental health to inspire bodily health. It gives you a sense of well-being all through your system.

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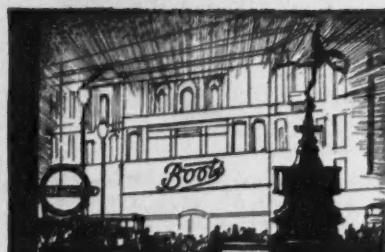
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her mother into submission to something, by looking at her like that, with angry, scornful eyes. And after a minute she said, her cold thin voice more effective than the shouting of the others:

"There can be no question about it. I am the eldest. And my position is very different from yours. You might have something to gain... but I have something to lose... without this. We're on the edge of a crash. It might mean the courts for Ralph. Go on, Ralph. Tell them about it. Why don't you tell them?"

Margie went to her mother's chair.

"Mummy, are you better? What's all this about? Why are they all here?"

"Darling, you'd gone out when I came down. It's just that Jonas has left some money, a little present. There was another letter from a firm of solicitors as well as Eleanor's. But I opened hers first, and I'm afraid her news put the other letter out of my head. She said nothing about the legacy in hers. Perhaps she didn't know when she wrote."

Margie's reactions were not very quick. She thought that over for a while, then said soberly:

"How decent of him, mother. But why are they all like this?"

Mrs. Ware smiled with sudden tenderness at some dear ghost, although she was still crying.

"Jonas... was... well... fanciful. And he's never changed. He said this money was to be a present, whole and entire for whichever of my children would gain most from it. And of course... that is why this is happening. They each think they have a right to it. It's natural. But I don't know what to do. I'm sorry I told them tonight. Chrissie phoned Ralph to come out here, and it all seems to have worked up into a scene. They've been at me."

"Poor little mummy!" Margie spoke absently. She was not very excited. She knew at once she stood no chance of getting the money. All of them needed it more than she. Tom was a man with his way to make, and a bit of capital would mean everything. And it would go to him probably. Even Brenda or Chrissie could put forward good reasons for getting the money. But she herself had no career to make, and no debts. She had just to stay quietly at home, and was engaged. Her future was assured. Was it?

"Why didn't Jonas leave the money to you, mummy? You need it more than any of us." Margie was tired of all this. She wanted to go to her room.

"Well, you see, Jonas never knew how things were with us. This is just a present to him, quite a small present. It's a gracious gesture, made in his own way. I've never let him know the truth about our circumstances. You see, Margie, Jonas and I were engaged once. He went to America. He wasn't rich then. He hadn't even enough to take me with him. It was like you and Robin."

Suddenly struck by some curious tone in her mother's voice Margie looked up. Her mother's eyes were on a dim and lovely thing, straining into the past. Her tired mouth was quivering.

"We loved each other very much. But the years were too long. I've never blamed Jonas. But he couldn't wait. Afterward, long after he had married, I wrote to him one Christmas. Just a Christmas letter and he answered it, and then I knew it wasn't really a thing he could be blamed for. I realized how it had happened—with him away out there so far from me. And this other girl on the spot. It was just the years and the separation. Then I married your father. I loved him. He was a good man. Perhaps it wasn't the same. And I don't think it has been the same for Jonas either. But one can live very happily with second-best. Not the same kind of happiness. We've always known that. But I couldn't let Jonas know how poor we've been, just exactly what my life is. He would have blamed himself too much. He always has blamed himself and I didn't want to add that to it. I've always let him think my life has been a very good one."

"Mother!" Margie's cry was choked. Her face was quite white.

Mrs. Ware was shocked.

"Mother, will it happen to Robin and me? Will it, mother? I'm so frightened that it will."

Mrs. Ware looked at her in bewilderment.

"Darling, no; of course not. Robin is different. He's much steadier. Besides—"

"No, mother," Margie insisted desperately. "He's afraid. He was telling me tonight and he's made me afraid, too. And I couldn't be like you, mother. I couldn't pick up the pieces and make a life out of them. I—I'd die, mother."

"Darling, don't! And you wouldn't die. But I always understood—I have always felt Robin to be so dependable. A serious, quiet boy. What has he been saying?"

Margie told her. "That's how he said it might be. And it frightened me."

"Yes. I suppose that's how it was," Mrs. Ware said musingly. "But one doesn't die. Not at once. The dying goes on for a long time," she added strangely.

"Perhaps I'm a fool. I'm all keyed up these days." Margie saw with some surprise that she still wore her gloves. She pulled them off slowly.

"That's how it might be. Second-best isn't enough. I'd like you to have the best, if you could, Margie."

SUDDENLY SHE got up and went across the room.

"Chrissie," she said. "Tom—" Her small body was trembling, and she was afraid of them, so afraid that she could not look at any of them, but stared at something, perhaps the ghost of Jonas which gave her courage, because after a moment's silence she spoke quite firmly:

"I know each of you has a reason you think good for getting this money. But whichever of you got it, it wouldn't buy you much really. It might buy Tom a share in a business, but it wouldn't buy him concentration and determination. It wouldn't buy him that thing which matters and which he must develop in himself; Brenda, it would only buy you a little excitement, and so much disappointment because you haven't any talent, dear. It might buy you dangers as well. I don't know much about this life you want, but I know you. Chrissie and Ralph, it won't buy you anything at all. However much you have, you'll get into debt because your lives are wrong. You live such foolish lives..."

An outraged murmur arose, but still with her eyes on that high point which gave her courage the mother continued:

"I'm going to give it to Margie. She can buy her passage money and go with Robin, and what is left will help them over the first years. Then they will be all right. It will make all the difference to them. It will mean their whole lives perhaps, mean their lives will be lived rightly—the best, not the second-best. This might not be necessary. I don't know. But the money will buy off the risk of their losing each other through waiting. And it would please Jonas. Nothing would please Jonas as much as this. I know..."

There was more than courage in the tired old eyes now. There was something shining, extraordinarily beautiful as they stared at the high invisible point.

In the silence each of the children prepared for the attack; faces, bodies, voices prepared, but like a cold wind, futility blew round them. They knew. Oh, they would not give in without a fight! But they knew. On the subject of Jonas the mother had always been like this. A rock on the subject of Jonas. It would be no use.

Margie dropped her head down on the arm of the chair. She should say no. She should refuse. But she would not refuse. Margie, huddled anyhow in the chair, was not noble, with her hat pushed back on her head and her tear-stained face. Her nose was shining and she was not in the least noble. Her love was safe. She hardly listened to her mother fighting to maintain this safety. The strong wings of her love were free. They swept her strongly, selfishly away.

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Confessions of a Debutante

(Continued from page 12)

also be admitted that it becomes nothing short of sheer cruelty for many other girls. In 1928-29 there were far too many debas, that is, too great a number under the "system" which operates at present in our Canadian cities. It is said that there were seventy debutantes in the City of Toronto alone in the autumn of 1928. I can now only recall forty. Some of them I have never heard of since.

Unfortunately, there are invariably a few debas each season, who are distinctly out of their element. Invariably it is at the last moment that they decide to come out. It is a panic decision and too often a bitter error. A well-planned début requires at least three years of careful anticipation. It is like a good play; the suspense must be worked up, the plot carefully developed to reach the proper climax.

Sometimes an ambitious mother believes that to come out will help her daughter in her career. How much wiser it would be for them to wait until that career gave her an entrée into society! Sometimes it is a question of fond parents desiring their daughters to have something that was denied them.

IN ANY democratic country there are newcomers to the bluebook, but there seems no real reason why in Canada they should not launch their daughters upon the sea of society, provided they have possessed their wealth long enough to have overcome the first desire for vulgar flourishes, and are endowed with natural wisdom and tact. Money changes hands, so why not train the generation which will inherit it, how sanely and advisedly to spend it?

It seems so dwarfed and picayune for Canadians to quibble about family backgrounds. The great families who made our history are gradually dying out; new families are replacing them in importance. Those who are important today may have been utterly unimportant three generations ago. I wouldn't dare mention names for fear of pointing—always a rude habit—at some of our present-day "best people."

Nevertheless it is these "old families" among us who have the background of culture. Given money for present-day spending, they know how to introduce their daughters properly to society, and are, generally speaking, the ones to copy.

There are others, quite as old as to family tree, and quite as cultured as to education but without the glamor of present-day wealth. There were plenty of these even in the heyday of 1928. But they had been too occupied in bringing up a family on a scanty income to feature in the newspaper society columns. However, when Mary or Jane or Betty finished school there was a family conclave. It was finally decided, not without brave sacrifice on the part of other members of the family, to take the necessary steps to introduce M., J. or B., to society.

But this is where they erred. The present routine of the debutantes is not in the old tradition. Not at all. It is new and false. Today, coming out means not just the introduction; it is the beginning and the end of these girls.

LET'S MEET the deb herself. She is eighteen, vivacious and healthy. Her wits are sharpened from recent mental gymnastics in the schoolroom. She has unusual advantages but is frightened to death. Her fear lasts until well into the season. Will she

be popular? If she succeeds, her initial fear wears down. If she does not, then her fear becomes worse with every party.

I wrote in my diary on September 1:

"The first day of my first season was not as exciting as it sounds. In the morning I had a much needed golf lesson. That afternoon I went to D.—'s for tea and discussed the joys and terrors, which all debas experience, with my fellow-sufferers.

A month later I wrote, after my first dance:

"Thank God that is over! I was so nervous all night for fear of being a flop that I nearly fainted in the car going home. But I did have enough fun to make me look forward to, rather than dread, the next one."

I'll never forget those first few parties. I was sick with fear. I began to wonder why I had ever "come out." Every time I danced I spent the whole time glancing over my partner's shoulder searching madly for a familiar face among the stag line. I even prayed that someone would cut in. If you aren't cut in on, it is apt to be said you aren't popular. I have heard other debas confessing the same terror. They were haunted by it. Even girls whose success is assured from the outset have the same continual dread.

Looking backward, I feel like one who has come through a shipwreck, unhurt. It was thrilling. I would not have missed it... but go through it again? Never!

FORTUNATELY, there are certain compensations for a young girl. The average debutante has more new clothes than she has ever had at one time, or ever will, no doubt, except if and when she becomes a bride. It is an old belief that a new hat will work wonders for a woman. So, what will a couple of berets for sports, three daytime hats, a velvet cartwheel and some slick little haloes for tea and cocktails accomplish for a girl who has spent life heretofore in a school uniform?

I was not nearly so expensive for my parents as some of my friends. But I confess that my wardrobe was an average one for the year. Here is a list of my clothes:

6 evening gowns.
1 evening gown, bought three months earlier for the June Ball at R.M.C.
3 dinner dresses.
4 afternoon dresses
3 morning dresses (I seldom had a chance to wear them.) Hats, shoes, gloves, and purses to match, and oddities of costume jewellery which was a rage in 1928.

1 evening wrap.
1 formal afternoon coat.
1 fur coat.

While my little budget is before me, I might as well add other items of expense such as flowers to be bought for some thirty debutantes during the season, and items of entertaining, under which are listed:

1 reception. Orchestra only ten pieces but the best. Liquor for the orchestra.
Catering. Tips. Sauterne punch (parental watchfulness!) Invitations. Flowers for mother, sister and myself.
3 dinners costing about \$2.50 a plate, including cocktails.

I have purposely omitted the cost of each item for the reason that prices today are different from prices in 1928 and 1929. However, the approximate costs would itemize as follows:

Clothes	\$1,100
Entertaining ...	750
Flowers	80
Trip (later)....	1,000

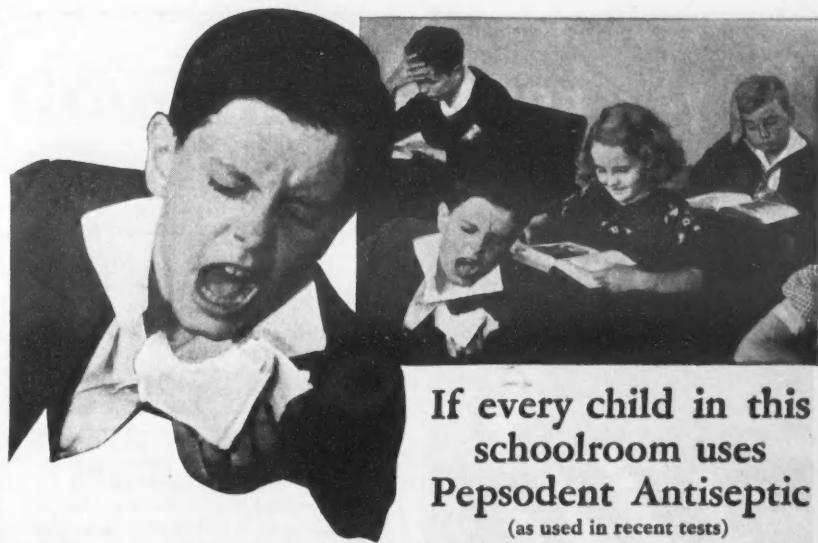
\$2,930

Of course, these figures represent only a very "fair average." Several girls in a single season will spend a great deal more than I did. I am certain that one of my friends

[Continued on page 44]

ANTOINE de PARIS . . . one of the most famous hairdressers in the fashion world today, answers some important questions on coiffures in

IN THE FEBRUARY CHATELAINE.



If every child in this schoolroom uses Pepsodent Antiseptic (as used in recent tests)

there should be 50% fewer colds!

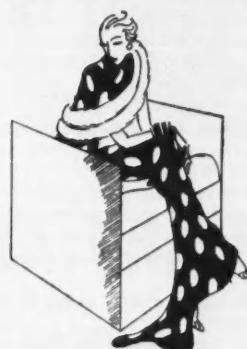
Interesting tests with 500 people reveal more effective way in "cold prevention." Surprising results with use of Pepsodent Antiseptic.

If what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this schoolroom, there should be 50% fewer children catching this boy's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by scientific records.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic,
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC



Have You a
"Wishing Seat"?

Most of us have — a comfortable spot where we can sit down and day-dream for a little while about the things that we will do when our ship comes in. Not such terribly extravagant things either, except that so often a few dollars makes a real difference.

This organization is helping people in every part of Canada to change their wishes into reality. So many things are possible when you can easily increase your income by \$15.00—\$25.00—or \$50.00 a month.

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Prescribed by Doctors for over 20 years. Sold at all drug stores.

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Mail your name and address with 4¢ (stamps) to Pertussin Ltd., Atlantic Avenue, Montreal, P.Q.



It's Never TOO LATE FOR A WIFE TO LEARN

The world is full of women who say to themselves, "My marriage was a mistake." No scandal. No open break. Just submission to a life without joy, without hope.

No wife should let herself become faint-hearted about marriage. She should go right after the real facts. The days when a woman was compelled to use a poisonous antiseptic, or none at all, have fortunately passed.

The truth about antiseptics

Of course women do not want to use poisons. Those who do take the risks of such a practice are simply living in a past age before modern improvements in antiseptics had been announced by the medical profession. Any excuse for using these poisons disappeared when Zonite was first offered in drug stores.

Doctors now, without reservation, recommend the practice of feminine hygiene. They know that the tragedies are over. They are confident that delicate tissues will not be burned or desensitized. No lives will be ruined by Zonite.

Zonite is safe, as safe as pure water. And Zonite is powerful. Taking carbolic acid as the standard for comparison, Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may safely be used on the human body.

Also Zonite Suppositories

Besides the liquid Zonite (three sizes 30c., 60c., \$1.00) there is a newer form, Zonite Suppositories. These are \$1.00 a dozen or 35c. a box of three. They are dainty, white, cone-like forms which provide continuing antiseptic action. Some women prefer the liquid and some the suppositories. Others use both.

Be sure to write for "Facts for Women." It is an up-to-date booklet giving a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. Just mail coupon.



Zonite Products Corporation, Limited
St. Therese, P.Q.
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

- Facts for Women
- Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME _____
(Please print name)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ PROV. _____ C.H. 51

He'd trump up some excuse. Why had Nance not told him of Michael? It seemed so unlike her frank comradeship. He was amazed and angry. But he must help her if he could. She had deceived Michael for five years. Poor little Nance . . . and the cherry dresser! He hardly knew what to believe of her.

Faster and faster. Something of the man's mood went into the handling of the reins. The horse responded with reckless, flying heels.

Once the girl gave a sharp cry. "Look out, Kincaid. We nearly upset that time!" Another corner, a sudden swerving, then off again on the smooth, slippery tracks. A hill falling swiftly away under the runners, Kincaid began to feel the high, thin edge of a curious exhalation. Faster and faster. Nance was engaged to Michael. Michael would be seeing her for the first time with his own eyes—tomorrow. A fine brave man who had borne his blindness gallantly.

"You're going much too fast, dear!" The white patch of her face touched his shoulder. Had he heard that last word, or had imagination given it to the wind?

And now from below, two great yellow eyes swept up at them. At the rate they were speeding, the sleigh would meet those eyes halfway down the hill. One side of the road slipped into a shallow gully. The other was bounded by a high bank.

Kincaid grasped the reins with steady hands. He looked forward to this meeting as a test of skill, as an outlet for the excitement of his nerves and heart. Anything, to keep his growing anger occupied.

Nance ducked her head under the fur robe. He felt her quiver; heard a smothered cry.

Now the eyes were large as August moons. The horse trembled with a great fear. Kincaid was strong and ready. "Now—now!" he thought. This climax was like reaching a mountain peak, like doing the last yard of a sprint, or that delicious, exquisite moment when a diver feels the first cold touch of water.

The eyes were abreast of them in a blinding glare. The long body of a car swept by—a roaring shadow. Kincaid felt the wind of its passing on his cheek.

"Oh!" came from under the fur robe, and Nance shivered against his arm.

The horse reared, pawing the air. He came down again with a jolting plunge. "There, there, boy; quiet, quiet!" soothed the man. The sleigh was a mere toy behind the frightened strength of the animal. It slewed this way and that. The horse's feet slid on the glazed, downward track. He grew unmanageable with panic. Before Kincaid quite realized what was happening, he and Nance were spilled out into the shallow gully. And, as he lay with his head on a snowy bush, he heard bells jingling off and down the hill, and the rapid pounding of hoofs. A star glanced down at him with a cold, bright, untroubled eye. "Nance!" he cried. "Nance, are you hurt?"

He called her name again, but she did not answer. He turned his body as he lay in the snow, then raised himself to one knee. As he did so, the girl slid downward in the bushes, lying on her back, her dark curls tumbled, her eyes closed. "Nance . . . darling!" he called, bending over her in an agony of solicitude.

He himself seemed unhurt save for a stab here and there. He gathered the girl into his arms and stood up, holding her for a long minute, standing hatless in the winter night, gazing down at her white face. Powdered snow lay on her fur collar; her cheeks had no more color than the drifts about them.

With a free hand he gently felt of her arms and shoulders. No bones broken, apparently no blood. "She's as light as a sheaf of lilies," he thought with foolish inconsequence.

Far down the valley sounded the faint silvery tune of sleigh-bells. Then from above, at the edge of the road, a man's voice spoke to him. A man in a chauffeur's livery stood there looking down. "Sorry, sir, have we caused you trouble?"

Kincaid, with Nance in his arms, hatless among the snowy bushes, gave a short, harsh laugh. "Only that the horse ran away,

spilled us out, and the young lady is unconscious."

The man came striding down the bank. "Please allow me to help you. Anything we can do, sir, we will." His tone was deferential and polite.

"Who?" growled Kincaid, "is we?" "I am driving Mr. Salters from the train to Ridgeway."

Kincaid suffered a quick sensation as if taut wires had snapped against bare flesh. "I hope," next stated the chauffeur, "that the young lady is not hurt."

"No, I think not; though through no fault of yours. Do you need to go thundering over the landscape like a locomotive in a fit?" Now Kincaid turned and began to clamber back to the road. One knee felt as if forked sticks were jabbing the joint at every step. The chauffeur again offered to help and was curtly refused. Swaying a little from side to side, feeling a bit sickish after his fall, he gained the road. A few paces farther on waited the long, black car.

AT LAST Kincaid stood by the rear window. Sitting inside was a young man with bandaged eyes, a strong chin, and delightful voice. "For the love of heaven, Peter, what's all the row?" he demanded. "I wish I could rip off these confounded bandages and see for myself, but I gave my word I wouldn't until tomorrow. What are you waiting for? Darn it, man, speak up! Say something! Isn't there someone with you? I hear footsteps."

"The horse and sleigh we just passed, upset, sir. The horse became frightened. The occupants were thrown out, sir; a man and a young lady. They are here, sir. I suggested that we would be glad to take them wherever they wished to go."

"Quite right of you, Peter. Anyone injured?"

"The young lady is unconscious, sir."

Now the bandaged face turned more fully toward Kincaid. The mouth smiled apology. "I'm frightfully sorry. Our headlights, I'm told, are enough to terrify anything. Please tell me where you would like to go."

Kincaid, in spite of himself, liked the man's direct way of speaking. Things were getting a bit thick, by golly! He wavered slightly with Nance in his arms. What should he do? He supposed weird, sudden things like this actually happened to people; and when they did, how did one behave? He must be wise and cautious. His thoughts spun about in his head; his knee seemed to ring with pain. Nance had known Michael for many years. When she was placed in the car, would the blind man recognize her by some instinctive awareness? But the man wasn't blind any more. Only those bandages made him so.

"Please get in," insisted the pleasant voice. "Peter, see that they are both comfortably fixed in here. I'll sit with you in front."

"Just a moment," Kincaid spoke quickly; words came to him, he hoped the right ones. "I am Kincaid Jerome. We have been sleighing this evening, Miss Dunbar and I. Miss Nance Dunbar."

The man in the car sat up straighter. "Yes?" he said in a calm voice.

"Your chauffeur has already told me that you are on your way to Miss Sarah Dunbar's—Copper Beeches. I have been week-ending there."

"Indeed?" spoke the calm steady voice, and the bandaged eyes were kept turned toward the man outside. "That's very nice. Won't you get in? We'll soon be at Copper Beeches, where we can summon a physician for Nance." His tone gained depth. "You feel she's not badly hurt?"

"I believe she's only stunned." (Now their conversation seemed stilted and ridiculous, like the words of men constrained to an unnatural courtesy.)

Kincaid lifted the girl into the rear seat. He arranged a robe about her. She sat limp and leaning against Michael, her dark curls on his shoulder. "What a tiny thing she is," muttered the man in the car. "I'd forgotten."

Kincaid gave a grunt of agreement.

[Continued on page 48]

Constipated Since Her Marriage



IT DATED from about the time she was married—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, chronic tiredness, nervousness and headaches. Nothing gave more than partial relief until she tried a product containing a balanced combination of natural plants and vegetable laxatives, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). The first dose showed her the difference. She felt so much better immediately—more like living.

Your own common sense tells you an all-vegetable laxative is best. You've probably heard your doctor say so. Try NR's today. Note how refreshed you feel. Note the natural action, but the thorough cleansing effect. NR's are so kind to your system—so quickly effective in clearing up colds, biliousness, headaches. And they're non-habit forming. The handy 25-tablet box only 25¢ at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to The Lewis Medicine Co., Desk 201-AZ, 67 Crawford Avenue, Windsor, Ontario.

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See Page 35



Quick, S-O-O-T-H-I-N-G RELIEF

As you breathe . . . while you sleep . . . healthful, antiseptic vapors of Vapo-Cresolene go right to irritated passageways—relieving at once, permitting restful sleep. Drugless, harmless. Use this famous 54-year-old remedy for Bronchial Asthma, Spasmodic Croup, Whooping Cough, Chest Colds, Bronchitis. Disinfects the room; prevents spread of infection. Directions with package. At all drug stores.

Vapo-Cresolene.

RELIEVE WHILE YOU SLEEP
Send for Booklet No. 4. Vapo-Cresolene Co., Miles Bldg., Montreal.

"What's on now?"

"I think I'm on the right track, but we'll know in a few minutes. The commodore can't give me any time at all and refers me to you. Savvy?"

"Proceed, you Irish sleuth."

"Bethune is on his way here, and all you've got to do is sit up and take notice. I'm going to ask him certain questions which please keep track of and the answers I get. I'm not telling you what they are or what's in my mind because it might influence you in advance, but if I'm right I'll expect Bethune to be put in the coop."

"Coop!" ejaculated Burke, startled. "Realize what that means?"

"Perfectly. Look out! Here he is."

Bethune came in quite self-possessed and gave a hard little smile.

"Well, doctor, is this to inform me that I may use my own wardrobe again?"

"That is for you to determine yourself, sir. Please sit down."

The young man pricked up his ears at the word "sir," looked about, took a chair and shrugged.

"Mystery on mystery, and at your service."

"Mr. Bethune, I've been trying to gather further definite information about Mr. Bertrand but find it difficult. Perhaps you can help me?"

"I'm afraid I've told you all I know, which is very little. I'm sorry."

"How long were you away from your cabin when you went to search for him last night?"

"I'm not sure, perhaps twenty minutes, perhaps more."

"Did it not occur to you to get any help?"

"I thought of that but didn't want to make a fool of myself."

"Would it interest you now to know that a third person was in 157 when the murder took place?" asked Hartigan in a level voice.

At this came a choked little gasp from Burke, but Bethune only opened his eyes wide and stared.

"What?"

"Miss Fletcher."

"Good heavens! Go on!"

"The rest will come out at the trial."

Bethune gave his head a puzzled shake, frowned incredulously and looked bewildered.

"Trial? Bertrand's trial? You can't try a man who's committed—"

"No!" thundered Hartigan, "yours! Turn up your right sleeve. I want to see your arm."

There ensued a throbbing instant of profound silence; the air tingled; Burke sat petrified. Hartigan's long finger was out, pointing at Bethune who seemed frozen to stone, gripping the arms of his chair, eyes bulging, face like chalk. Then, as though breaking through a trance, this immobility left him. He gave a little yelp like a dog that has been kicked, sprang erect and felt in his pocket.

"Quick!" cried Hartigan, plunging at him.

He was too late. Bethune's hand had whipped out and clapped to his mouth. His head gave a backward jerk as though from a blow. Simultaneously his breathing became choked, his pupils dilated; he swayed convulsively. Now even while they stared a shadow of blue crept into his skin.

Hartigan caught him as he fell, leaned over, and shaking his head looked up at Burke.

"I didn't expect that, but anyway he was too swift for us. Must have carried it with him always."

"Carried what?"

"Hydrocyanic acid in capsule; it's practically instantaneous and really explodes into a deadly gas."

"But—but—" stammered Burke, greatly shaken, "what's that about his arm. I don't understand at all."

"No, you couldn't—yet. Look here!"

Pulling back the sleeve, he loosened the cuff on the slack wrist and uncovered a small strip of plaster. "That's Bertrand's cut on Bethune's arm, and I started with something even smaller. All Greek to you now, but you'll understand presently. Ring that bell for an orderly, will you?"

ANOTHER MIDNIGHT on the *Sedalia*. The fog had just lifted, and there being no object in reaching Quarantine during the small hours she was running at twenty knots. Three men at the surgery table; the commodore's eye to the microscope; Burke fingering his glass; Hartigan sitting back, looking tired but contented.

"Well, sir, shall I go on?"
"Certainly."

"It's difficult to say what first made me suspicious. I just felt something I couldn't explain and couldn't get rid of. To begin with, there was no real evidence whatever. I started with an assumption that certainly was wild enough, and put against that everything I could get out of everyone, especially Perrin, and, by George, the assumption stood up to it. I had no proof—Bethune was too clever for that. He'd staged the whole affair to perfection, established for all practical purposes the existence of two individuals, and called public attention to the person of Bertrand by that little exhibition in the restaurant.

"Well, the more I questioned him, the more suspicious I got. Commodore, he was too placid, too unmoved by what had happened, and all the time I was saying to myself, 'Perrin has heard them talking but never seen them talking. No one ever saw them together except when one was in his bed.' That, of course, was a dummy, probably a collapsible thing, but we won't find it because without doubt Bethune put it overboard when he said he was looking for Bertrand. That out of the way, he stood fairly safe with the clothes, luggage, passport, etc., he'd got for the presumably missing man. No details overlooked there. Where he must have had an anxious time was in remembering the little touches, disturbing the other bed, leaving Bertrand's outfit about as though it were in use, acting Bertrand; oh, a thousand odds and ends beyond any man not extremely clever."

"And this," asked Simonds, tapping the microscope, "when did it begin to figure?"

"I found it the second time I went to 157," said Hartigan, his measured voice providing a sort of glaze for his triumph. "A single hair between the dead man's fingers, not the color of his hair but brownish grey. Magnified, I saw that it had been pulled out, not broken, and on the end where ordinarily there would be the root or 'hairknob,' was a little lump of foreign substance. This proved to be gum arabic, so I knew that that hair had come from a false beard, the one Bethune himself had joked about as the only beard on the ship."

"Congratulations. Smart work, Hartigan. Carry on."

The surgeon smiled wearily and took a long breath.

"After that everything seemed to fit together. I'd found a drop of blood on the porthole casing, so knew where the knife or whatever it was had gone; but I'd only proved one thing. Halberd had been stabbed by a man wearing a false beard. Up to that stage it was quite possible"—here he paused for a moment and went on with quiet deliberation—"possible that someone else, not Bertrand, had disguised himself and done the job because no one had either heard or seen the stabbing. I had no eyewitness, and would have been up a tree had we been carrying, say, several passengers who wore Imperials."

[Continued on page 35]

THE SECRET OF MICKEY MOUSE . . . Nora Laing, went exploring through the famous studios of Walt Disney to discover just how the Silly Symphonies and the Mickey Mouse features were made. Her story is a noteworthy item

IN THE FEBRUARY CHATELAINE.

for better CONTROL OF COLDS follow Vicks Plan



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At that first warning sneeze, sniffle or nasal irritation, quick!...Vicks Va-tro-nol — just a few drops up each nostril. Va-tro-nol is especially designed to aid and gently stimulate the functions which Nature has provided—in the nose—to prevent colds and to throw off colds in their early stages.



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If a cold has already developed, use Vicks VapoRub, the modern method of treating colds. Just rub on at bedtime. Its combined poultice-vapor action loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—helps break congestion. Often, by morning, the worst of the cold is over.

TO BUILD RESISTANCE TO COLDS

Follow the simple health rules that are also part of Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. The Plan has been clinically tested by physicians—and proved in everyday use in millions of homes.

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If you are troubled with tender, sensitive, easily-irritated or rashy skin you owe it to yourself to make Cuticura Soap your daily toilet soap. Containing medicinal and emollient properties derived from Cuticura Ointment, it soothes, comforts, protects and keeps the skin clear and healthy.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum Powder are sold at all druggists.
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2 WAYS IN 1 TO ADD WEIGHT Quick!

Gains of 3 to 5 lbs. in 1 Week Not Uncommon on Both Men and Women

Hosts of thin, pale, rundown folks—and even "Naturally Skinny" men and women are amazed at this new way to put healthy needed pounds quickly. Gains of 6 to 12 lbs.—in one month—3 to 5 lbs. in a week—are reported regularly.

Kelp-A-Malt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea—gets right down to the cause of thin, underweight conditions and adds weight, through a "2 ways in one" natural process.

First, its rich supply of easily assimilable minerals stimulate the digestive glands which produce the juices that enable you to digest the fats and starches in your daily diet—the weight-making elements in food. Second, Kelp-A-Malt's NATURAL IODINE is a mineral needed by the vital organs which regulates metabolism—the process through which the body is constantly building firm, solid flesh, new strength and energy. Three Kelp-A-Malt tablets contain more iron and copper than a pound of spinach or 7½ pounds of fresh tomatoes; more calcium than 6 eggs; more phosphorous than 1½ lbs. carrots; more NATURAL IODINE than 1600 lbs. of beef.

Try Kelp-A-Malt for a single week and see if you don't notice the difference—how much better you feel. Reported gains of from 3 to 5 lbs. of good, firm flesh in 1 week are not uncommon. Kelp-A-Malt costs but little at all good stores.

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CH-1 Caledonia Road, Toronto.Gentlemen: Please send me VANITY SIZE bottle
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Address _____

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The Woman in Black

(Continued from page 9)

surgery, again bent over the microscope, beneath which lay a tiny object on a glass slide. He remained thus for some moments, then commenced to pace the floor with quick, jerky steps, frowning, frowning, till suddenly giving his head a toss of decision he touched a bell.

"Send Perrin here."

He had covered the microscope with a cloth hood when the steward arrived.

"You wanted me, sir?"

"Yes, Perrin, but I don't know whether you can help or not. This time it's a very off chance."

"Do what I can, sir."

"Getting back to our talk last night, has anything further occurred to you?"

"No, sir, can't say that it has. I seem to be getting sort of muddled, thinking about it so much."

"You told me about those two gentlemen arriving some two hours apart, Mr. Bertrand first, and that you saw him in 159?"

"That's it, sir."

"His luggage was there at the time?"

"Yes, sir, it came aboard ahead of him, and I took it down myself."

"And after that did you see him again before we sailed?"

"No, sir, can't remember that I did—but of a rush on then."

"So that in the meantime there was nothing to prevent him from going ashore and possibly meeting Mr. Bethune?" said Hartigan thoughtfully.

"That's right, sir. Nothing at all. I never pitched on that myself."

"Now, Perrin, I'll ask you to do something difficult. Cast your mind back and think—think hard—if you can fasten on anything that either of them did, however small, that was at all out of the way or unusual."

"There was that ruction in the restaurant when Mr. Bertrand—"

"Yes, I know. Anything else?"

"No, sir, just two ordinary passengers who didn't fancy each other over much. That's how it struck me."

"Did you often see them together?"

"Just when one or t'other was in his bunk and the other dressing. There was never any squabbling between them before me, sir."

"Didn't they talk at all?" asked Hartigan in an odd tone.

"Not that I can remember, but sort of waited till I cleared out, and that's what makes me think there must have been some understanding between 'em."

"Then you've an idea that Mr. Bethune knows more than he's told us, which is practically nothing."

"It wouldn't surprise me a bit, sir, but I will say that I liked him better than the other gentleman."

"Why?"

"Better tempered; more free an' easy, sir, while Mr. Bertrand was snappy, especially one time. Oh!"

"Well—well?"

"There's one little thing that went clean out of my head so it can't amount to much."

"What thing?"

"The time Mr. Bertrand cut himself."

At this Hartigan's eyes developed a sudden steely glint, but his expression did not change.

"Go on—go on—how cut himself?"

"Would be about 9.30 first morning out. I knocked and went in and he was alone. I guess he didn't hear me knock; anyway he was standing at the glass, his sleeves rolled up, combing his beard and looking at himself sort of sideways when he saw me behind him and gave a sort of nervous jerk and bashed his arm against the

corner of the locker door that holds the glass—those corners are brassbound—and well, sir, you'd have thought he'd broken his blinking arm, and gets all lit up like as he was bleeding to death and slaps on a bit of plaster."

"Thanks, Perrin, that might be useful. Did he ever mention it again?"

"No, sir. That night I asks him how the arm is, and you'd think he'd bite my head off."

"And that's all, is it?"

"Yes, sir, I've swept out the back of my brain and there's nothing left."

"Thanks, Perrin, that will do. The police will want your statement, so give it as you have to me."

THAT AFTERNOON, at 4.30, Miss Fletcher was in a secluded corner of the deck, a book in her lap, her eyes shut. The confusion in her brain had begun to subside, but she dreaded what yet must come. She felt lonely, defenseless, contemptuous of her own judgment. She contrasted her present position with the cheerful confidence in which she had embarked on this undertaking. Halberdt, when a week earlier he was pointed out to her in Hamburg, looked easy. Yet Halberdt had played with her. Now he was dead, and she herself only saved from perhaps a life imprisonment by the suicidal impulse of his murderer.

Bethune? She fell to thinking of Bethune whom she had not seen that day. Before this thing happened he had told her that she was already beaten. Why? Was it possible he had discovered that Bertrand also was trailing the dead man, possible that three of the *Sedalia*'s passengers had gathered all from different points, all with the same objective? Bethune had known of her. Why not of Bertrand, too? And was that the reason—here her brain began to swim—he had seen to it that he shared the cabin of the man with a beard? Or the other way on? Had they been watching each other and thither. She had a feeling of breathlessness that signalled as it were the approach of discovery; and why, why, she demanded of herself, should the fact that she had told Hartigan stir this man so deeply?

"I had to tell someone," she continued, watching him closely. "I couldn't carry it alone."

Bethune, accepting this as though by stages, began to nod, slowly, slowly.

"You don't want to talk about it any more?"

"I must not. I broke my promise in telling you that much."

"Promise to Hartigan?"

"Yes."

"Why did you tell me?"

"Because you said you thought you loved me. That's all over. Can't you understand?"

"The one thing has nothing to do with the other," said he dully.

"I will never, never be able to think of you without picturing that terrible man with the knife. Oh!" she burst out desperately. "Can't you see that I want to be alone?"

He was turning away when a deck steward came up and saluted.

"Dr. Hartigan's compliments, sir, and would you please join him in the surgery at six o'clock if convenient."

FOUR BELLS in the first dog watch. *Sedalia* nearing the Banks with grey fog rolling down from the northwest. Speed cut to twelve knots. The siren belching a vast throaty protest every sixty seconds. Lookouts in streaming oilskins. A flat sea with an oily surface. Slippery decks deserted by passengers. Ice reported to the northwest and the *Sedalia*'s spitting wireless searching the void for some life other than her own. Simonds, R.N.R., fuming on the bridge. No record this trip.

He was called to the telephone.

"Yes, Hartigan? No, I can't. Better talk to Burke."

"It's very important, sir. Can I come up for a minute?"

"No, I tell you; see Burke. I'll stand for anything he says."

"Anything, sir?"

The commodore, hesitating, caught just then a faint bellow from some invisible ship not far away, and that decided him:

"No, I can't come. Watch your step, and do nothing without Burke's approval. If you strike anything, let me know later."

Hartigan got the purser down to the surgery. "Look here," said he, "I want a witness to something. I'm not sure what. Stand by, will you?"

The Woman in Black

(Continued from page 33)

"Just circumstantial evidence?" murmured Burke.

"Exactly."

"Go on, Hartigan, go on." Simonds's blue eyes were fixed in a stare.

"Well, finally the blessed Perrin remembered something that applied strictly to Bertrand and to him alone. He had been seen to cut his right forearm. That clinched it. It was the last thing he would have wanted to happen before anyone else, for with that cut under his sleeve he was vulnerable were his identity to be examined. Bertrand's cut on Bethune's arm, and by the mercy of Providence Perrin was there. One grey-brown hair, commodore, and a square inch of plaster—they finished him."

Simonds emptied his glass at a gulp. "Got a passenger list?"

"Yes, sir, here."

The other man plucked a pen from his pocket and thoughtfully crossed out three names.

"Pretty heavy casualties for one run, eh? Well, it's neat work on your part. Who will the police want to see?"

"You, sir, Burke, myself, Perrin, Foster in the smoking room, chief steward in the restaurant, and that's all. Of course they'll go through those cabins."

"Yes, I suppose so. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

"Good night, you Irish bloodhound."

"Same to you, Burke. Do you happen to believe in palmistry?"

"In my job?" grinned the purser over his shoulder.

Hartigan, left alone, took a sheet of paper and began to write.

Dear Miss Fletcher:

Just a line. You will not be called on by the police to give any evidence. They will not know anything about you. You have not told me anything because you had nothing to tell. Understand? Destroy this.

M.H.

Then he gave a long, tired sigh, sealed the envelope and touched a bell.

[The End]

Experiment in Adoption

(Continued from page 7)

and promptly come to tell us on the rare occasions when she cried for attention. Gibbs, the gardener, was also always under her eye. She watched him from her pram as he bent over the flowers, mowed the lawn, chalked the tennis court. Her earliest pride was to make him notice her, and he was unfailing in his service to her. She grew used to his coming up to her pram with a flower, and laughed her appreciation.

She quickly became aware that in a world of quite clever grown-ups there was more than room for her tiny self. We were fortunate, too, in possessing a fairly large and pleasant property. Diana's eyes must have grown accustomed to opening to happy sights and closing in lovely surroundings. I mention these things to show how there must have developed in the child a growing sense of security and a firming belief in her own importance. We were a happy little community living an almost Arcadian life, cut off from the rest of the world—the kind of life, in fact, ideally suited for those retired people.

Soon, when we wandered abroad with the pram, away from our neighborhood into the village, and saw other children in the streets, Diana had eyes only for the children. She stared at them longingly. In her play-den, stumbling with her first steps across the lawn, sitting in her pram, there began to be manifest in her the first signs of boredom and loneliness.

She was an extraordinarily contented child. She was healthy, bright, extremely alive; she spent long periods by herself and was very intelligent with her toys. She gave little trouble, but she had a puckish sense of humor and a surprising initiative and independence. She was highly strung and, due entirely, I am sure, to her contact with grown-ups, sometimes nervy and excited. She was speeding away beyond her age and badly needed the slowing down effect of other children.

Now, able to say words, she would point out children in her book and say:

"Boy. Girl."

Her affection for small boys was quite pathetic. When we walked into the village now, and when from her pram she saw a

boy in the distance, she would sit straight up, her eyes shining, her whole face alive, and watch him till we came up to him, follow him with her eyes till he was out of sight. Little girls didn't cut nearly so much ice with her, but she was interested in them in a shyer way; a little more coy with them, a little more girlish. But the miracle of boyhood held her in thrall. Boys she would eat with her eyes, and the little fellows were sometimes embarrassed by her too evident adoration.

And when she could talk and walk, her adoration took more tangible form. Without a trace of shyness or embarrassment she would rush up to a boy in the village street and throw her arms round him. "Boy! Boy!" she would cry exultantly, looking high up into his face. Poor boy; he didn't know what to do. Poor parents; we didn't know what to do either.

UP TO THIS time she had not said anything about wanting a baby brother for herself—although she wanted most other things—but a new baby brother for her cousin, Angela, set her thoughts turning in this direction. She was told quite casually and matter-of-factly about Angela's baby brother, and when taken to see him liked him enormously.

"Mummy," she said when she returned to our happy hunting ground for retired folks, "can I have a little baby brother?"

Marjorie said, "Yes, perhaps," she might have a baby brother some time, and left it at that.

Diana for the time being left it at that also.

But although the question of a baby brother was put off, it was certainly not shelved for good. It was only too evident to Marjorie and myself that something would have to be done about Diana's growing boredom and loneliness. At nearly two years of age she had no brother or sister, no permanent childish companion of her own. One was certainly necessary.

She played contentedly by herself, and had a variety of attractive playthings. She spent hours in her sandpit; the enclosed grass tennis court was an admirable and safe place for her to run about in with her balls and dolls; the wood at the foot of the garden afforded all kinds of opportunities for adventurous exploration. Mostly, on the warm sunny days, she ran about completely naked or in the tiniest swimming suit, and would be discovered in odd corners of the garden smelling the flowers, digging her own border, chasing the birds.

Diana could quickly have got over the idea that there should be another small person in the house. So could we. But we were

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A TRUE STORY



From SWITZERLAND War Nurse writes of her Amazing Recovery

"DURING the war, helping to nurse the wounded in France," writes Mrs. Reuss, 145 Birsigstrasse, Basle, Switzerland. "I caught dysentery in the military hospital. The Doctor ordered a strong special aperient water which cut the attack short, but which I had to take repeatedly when attacks recurred, and this happened pretty often during a year or two afterwards. This frequent taking of aperients, and cathartics, left me with a weakened digestion and inflamed bowels.

"Shortly after the war I was in Paris in a very run-down condition, suffering from auto-intoxication and sciatica due to faulty elimination. I consulted one of the leading Paris specialists for digestive trouble and he ordered (—). I tried it, but not only did it not help but made me feel sick all the next day. After several trials I gave it up and things went from bad to worse.

"In 1921, being at Basle, in Switzerland, I consulted the best Professor there; he ordered 'NUJOL.' Feeling rather dubious, I nevertheless bought a bottle of Nujol and found, to my intense relief, that its gentle and soothing action not only rid my system of the accumulated poisons, but did not in the least interfere with my appetite. When I told the Professor about this he was not at all surprised, but said it was owing to the absolute purity and the right density of Nujol for the human system.

"Not only have I got rid of all my troubles, but feel years younger and would not for the world be without a bottle of Nujol. I have no trace of rheumatism, my complexion is as clear as a girl's, although I am over fifty years of age and have to sit most of the day, being a teacher of languages.

"You may publish my letter and I hope that many sufferers may find relief as I have, now for over ten years."

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What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it tell us. Address Stanco (Canada) Limited, 165 Dufferin St., Dept. 4-C, Toronto.

Chatelaine's Baby Clinic

Conducted by J. W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.

PRESERVE THE FIRST TEETH

THE DECIDUOUS or first teeth of children should be retained until the permanent ones are ready to appear, their roots being absorbed to accommodate the second set of teeth. If the first teeth are taken out or are allowed to decay before the permanent ones are ready to take their places, the arch of the jaw becomes too narrow, the new teeth are crowded and irregular. This makes the permanent teeth unsightly and liable to decay, and can only be corrected at considerable expense by a competent dentist.

The first teeth should be filled as soon as any decay appears. They should be kept clean by the regular use of the toothbrush. If cavities in the first teeth are not filled, the child loses the use of them, their pulps die and abscess and destruction may follow. Often in such cases there is swelling of the glands of the neck and even tuberculous germs may enter the glands through cavities in the teeth. These bad teeth cause pain, indigestion and impairment of health. There is evidence that children develop more rapidly both mentally and physically if their mouths and teeth are properly looked after. Every little child should be taken to the dentist for examination and necessary treatment of the first teeth every six months. No cavity should remain unfilled. Like all other parts of one's body, the solution of teeth troubles centres in early prevention.

The reason for the existence of crowded, crooked or irregular teeth is faulty development of the jaws; there is not sufficient room for the teeth. Besides premature decay and removal of the first teeth, the presence of adenoids and enlarged tonsils, as well as poor nutrition, rickets and the infectious diseases may cause maldevelopment of the child's jaws. The removal of adenoids and tonsils will usually stop mouthbreathing. It will not develop the jaws. Improvement of the child's food, protection against the infectious diseases and the prevention and cure of rickets are all salutary measures. The basic cause of the deformity—the narrow jaw, when once established, can only be remedied by some sort of mechanical expansion. This is usually carried out gradually by the expert orthodontist.

All this trouble can be saved by elimination of the aforementioned causes and particularly by regular and careful observation and treatment of the temporary teeth so as to prevent their decay. All mothers should read this article over again and give the closest attention to their little one's teeth. Perhaps no other sort of prevention will pay so well.

The Question Box

My little boy, four years old, 38½ inches high and weighing 39½ pounds, has the symptoms of worms: offensive breath in the mornings, gritting of teeth, has a poor appetite and is very restless at night.

I have given several kinds of powders but they have done no good. What can I do for him?

I enjoy reading your advice very much.—(Mrs.) B. C. O., Saint John, N.B.

Worms are not very common in children. The symptoms you mention are indications of some irritation in stomach and bowels. Are you not feeding him too much? Your boy is about the average in height but he is four pounds overweight.

I should advise that you regulate his diet and give him an occasional dose of milk of magnesia. If you examine the motions you will see worms if there are any.

My baby girl, six months, weighs 18 pounds and is lively and healthy. She is breast fed every three hours and has, in addition, orange juice and arrowroot cookie. What extra should she have?—(Mrs.) C. S., Clarks Harbor, N.S.

Your baby is well overweight. You might add cod liver oil, beginning with ten drops twice a day and gradually increasing to a teaspoonful three times a day.

At sixth month, one to two tablespoonfuls of well-cooked cereal with cow's milk boiled for three minutes may be given before the 10 a.m. feeding, without any sugar.

At eighth month, this may also be given before the 6 p.m. nursing.

In the seventh month, an ounce of strained vegetable soup may be given before the 2 p.m. nursing.

Please tell me what to feed my thirteen-months-old baby, who is thirty-one inches in height and weighs 26½ lbs. She has orange juice, cod liver oil, boiled cereal with milk at noon and evening feedings, yolk of egg and vegetables for the middle meal and usually a little prune pulp. Whenever I get fresh meat I make rice or barley soup instead of prunes. We live away in the bush and the only vegetables are canned ones. Do you think, being so big, she should be on an older child's diet? She is active and strong, has eight teeth, and speaks fourteen words. She will go and bring me things when I ask her, but my friends say that is the way to train a dog but is all wrong for a child. We live in a camp of men where there are no other children and the example is not always good.—(Mrs.) J. A., Tofino, B.C.

As you will see from the Baby Book sent you, your baby is well over weight and height. I can find no fault with your training. It speaks well for the baby's temper that she is so obedient. Most mothers are likely to overlook rather than underfeed their children.

From twelve to fifteen months the diet should be:

7 to 8 a.m. (1) One to three rounded tablespoonfuls of any cooked cereal with two to four ounces of boiled milk over it and no sugar.
(2) Six to eight ounces boiled milk.

(3) A piece of toast, no butter.
9 a.m. Two tablespoonfuls of orange juice with equal water.

12 to 1 p.m. (1) One soft-boiled or poached egg with bread crumbs, or half to one tablespoonful of scraped beef or finely divided calves', beef or lamb liver or chicken.

(2) Thick vegetable soup; four to eight tablespoonfuls.
(3) Dessert of two to three tablespoonfuls of junket custard, rice, sago, tapioca or cornstarch pudding.
(4) Piece of toast; no milk, as milk is contained in desserts.

5 to 6 p.m. Same as 7 to 8 a.m. with one to two tablespoonfuls of prune pulp or baked apple.

10 to 11 p.m. Eight ounces of boiled milk if hungry, that is, if she awakens and cries for food. One teaspoonful of cod liver oil, three times a day from September to June.

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Mrs. Russell Ward, Hilton Beach, Ontario, writes: "This is my secret for keeping my family of six well. For all my children I have used Baby's Own Tablets, and I cannot praise them too much. If my baby is fretful, I give her a Baby's Own Tablet, and in a short time she is happy. If there is sign of a cold, I give the tablets, and she is soon all better. If she is constipated, I find the tablets a wonderful regulator. The tablets are fine during teething. I wouldn't think of being without a box in the house."

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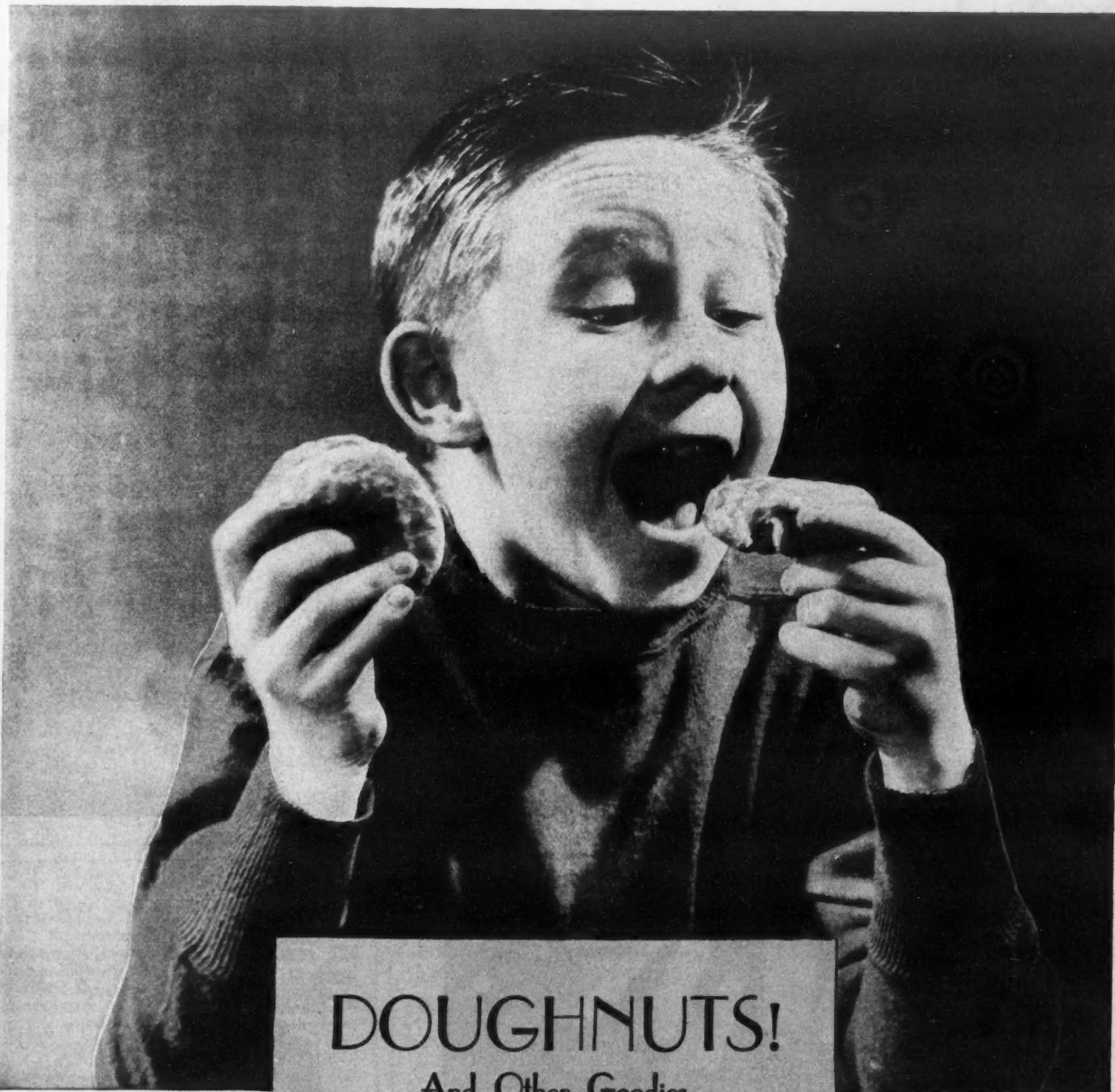
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HOUSEKEEPING

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DOUGHNUTS!

And Other Goodies

—Out Of The Frying Kettle

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

MAKE a better mousetrap and the world will beat a path to your door, we are told. Well, if that's what you want there are pleasanter, more effective ways of going about it. My suggestion is to make perfect doughnuts, golden-brown and crisp on the outside, delicate and tender within—then see what happens! And other things fresh from a bath of deep hot fat—potato chips, onion rings, any variety of fritters or croquettes—are pretty good magnets to draw a crowd to your table.

Now as everybody knows—or do they?—it's your frying technique which makes the difference between delicious and

digestible products and the other kind, the very look of which might make you moan in anguish. And of all the little tricks that make for success, proper temperature of the fat is the most important—proper temperature, that is, for the foods you are cooking.

But let us begin at the beginning, for in frying, as in everything else, it doesn't do to be right in a few things and wrong in all the others. The kettle itself is a good starting point, for, though you can fry in more than one kind of a dish, the best choice has a certain depth about it and is heavy enough to hold the heat well. Too light a pan is

"tippy" and not so well adapted to maintaining an even temperature. Then, while we are on equipment, there is the frying basket for lowering and raising the food. It should be sturdy with a well-shaped handle and of a size to fit easily into the kettle. A thermometer, to be really accurate, but we'll come to that later. And paper towels to receive the cooked food and absorb the surplus fat.

Different varieties of fat may be used, any one which does not burn or smoke until it reaches a high temperature. That's important, for the smoking is a sign of something—a "splitting up" or "breaking down" [Continued on page 43]

looking ahead and thinking of her future happiness rather than her immediate welfare.

From our grown-up point of view, everything in the garden was lovely. Here, at two years of age was Diana, out of the first stage of early babyhood. She was a definite personality getting away from babyhood, almost a little girl. She was at that loveliest time when she was finding her own powers, making her own discoveries, asking those odd delightful questions that only fresh, immature minds can fashion and articulate.

Most childhood beginnings are difficult. However good the baby, and however clever the parents, bringing up a child is a full-time job. You can never let up on it. There he is at the back of your mind all the time, needing a thousand attentions and services, making demands on your time and energy, none the less wearing because so readily given. The job, in a way, is like driving a car. It compels unwavering attention. At every turn in the road there is danger. With every twist and turn of a baby there is danger. The little fingers are reaching out to grasp things and convey them quickly to the mouth. The little body is striving to throw itself out of the cot or the play-pen or the pram. The service demanded by the baby is unending. It must

be toil, toil, all the way with most parents. Lots of fun, but lots of toil, also.

We had been fortunate with Diana. She had given us a minimum of trouble on the way to this attractive two-year stage. She had slept well and regularly, cried little, eaten and enjoyed her food. She was of normal height and weight, was quick and intelligent and independent. We might legitimately have felt—and indeed we did—that we could sit back and enjoy her antics. She was queen of her particular castle and on the surface there seemed no reason why she should not develop agreeably and pleasantly in this spot. She had taken her place in the scheme of things, carved her own considerable niche. The machinery of her development was working smoothly; to think that—a menace to herself and a nuisance to everyone else. It seemed to us that we should not waste too much time. Even at two years of age, she might find that the experiment had its difficulties.

Diana was not a spoilt child. She got a great deal of attention, it is true, yet she never whined and she was seldom querulous or irritable. She had only to be told why a thing could or could not be, and she made little or no fuss about it. She could be reasoned with. There was certainly no necessity from the point of view of her immediate

needs to worry about her very much. Yet, at the same time, the whole of our small community life made her the centre of things. That was almost unavoidable. She was far too much in the company of grown-ups, and the difficult childless situation of our neighborhood did not help.

WE FACED the possibility and almost the probability of her becoming one of those dreadful, precocious children who are gall and wormwood to everyone except their blind and adoring parents. It would be a pity if this attractive little personality should develop, through any fault of ours, through any neglect, into anything like that—a menace to herself and a nuisance to everyone else. It seemed to us that we should not waste too much time. Even at two years of age, she might find that the experiment had its difficulties.

She had had a good innings. She had the run of the place and the undivided attention of everyone connected with it. She had grown accustomed to her position; her very high spirits and the definiteness of her character would add to the difficulties. She was at that age when she was just beginning to feel her power. It was only in the nature of things that she might be disturbed at a

fresh intrusion into her life, resent her seeming displacement and fight for what she had been encouraged to believe was her own.

I am using these terms in the light of after-events. I could not have used them when we first contemplated having John; but even then I knew, and Marjorie knew, that there might be trouble. Diana, at two, could be considered as being still malleable, still adjustable; much more so than a year later when, her character more formed, her personality still further developed, her right to her position more firmly established in her mind, it might be too late. We believed that this was the time when, with proper preparation and careful handling, she would accept and welcome her baby brother.

A year later, too, might be too late from the point of view of her own knowledge of life. At three she would have discovered, or have been told, something at least about the size of babies when they came into the world. The arrival *then* of a ten-months-old baby, which was John's age, would have thrown her calculations and expectations all out of joint. But at two years of age she knew nothing about the size of babies when they arrived, and might accept the ten-months-old brother in the natural order of things. *[To be continued]*

Under Cover of Music

(Continued from page 22)

Delight held her long ermine wrap tightly around herself. For a moment she came to the top of the stairs and was silhouetted there as she hunted for Page to wave good-bye.

Bruce cut in on Page for the fifth time. "Hello, Mrs. Tim Shore is trying to catch your eye."

"Where?"

"Top of the stairs."

PAGE LOOKED up and smiled. Delight blew a kiss and felt as if she were saluting youth before she walked outside it and became old. Yet she breathed with relief. She felt that certain peace which comes after heartbreak—the peace of knowing that nothing so terrible, so revealing, could ever happen to her again. So that, in the final analysis, she was safe.

"She looks like a young queen in that," murmured Page.

"Real ermine," appraised Bruce. "Tim wouldn't let her wear anything else."

"She's one of the luckiest people in this town," sighed Page.

"Why? Because she's rich?" asked Bruce brutally.

"No," said Page coldly; then, angrily, "No, no, no. What's the matter with you? Why must you be cynical and sceptical and horrid? Are you ever human?"

"Once or twice in my life," said Bruce dryly.

Page quivered. She remembered—oh, how truly and clearly she remembered. She said, on a mad impulse that she regretted instantly, "I want to talk to you."

"Fine. I like serious conversation. Shall we sit in that little dark corner near the palm tree?" He piloted her there expertly.

"This might be someone else's table," objected Page.

"But it isn't. And it's so quiet. Talk to me."

Page trembled. "I can't. I've changed my mind."

"Too late to change your mind."

"Why?"

"Well, we've stolen this nice little table for one thing. And for another, I've waited for years to hear you say anything real or serious or important."

"I hate you," said Page dispassionately.

"Hatred is a wholesome thing," remarked

Bruce. "Go on, tell me why you hate me."

Anger crumpled Page's mask until there was only a small, white, tense little face left. The brilliant smile was wiped off, and the smoke-blue eyes blazed into cobalt.

"Because you are a cad," she said distinctly. "Because you—you kissed me and told me you cared for me and sailed away the next morning without a line or a word."

"Which was humiliating?" questioned Bruce quickly.

"Intensely humiliating."

"Yes," he agreed quietly, "to your pride."

Page was calmer now, and once the subject had been started she wanted it explained and finished.

"As a purely intellectual discussion," she began, "now that it doesn't matter and I don't give a fig, why did you go away like that?"

"Purely intellectually speaking," said the man, his blunt thumbnail tracing lines in the tablecloth, "I loved you for a whole week—oh, desperately. I looked for the light. I searched you up and down and through for a glimmer of maturity or emotion or human feeling. You hadn't a scrap. Remember that last night? We went to a dance—nothing unusual. We always went to a dance, because you were in the process of coming out and you could never miss a party. You wanted to be a panic. You were one. All right. I found out that being a panic was the sum total of your lifelong ambition. I didn't count to you. Even when I kissed you and you kissed back, it was an experience, an interlude, pleasant and exciting, but you weren't capable of being in love. Do you remember what you said?"

"No," said Page very softly. "I only remember what you said."

Briefly, tensely, Bruce reconstructed it for her. "It was on the St. Regis balcony. The roof. Someone's deb party toward the end of the Christmas holidays. There was imitation snow falling and the girls got red garters with bells on them for favors. You slid yours on and danced around, tinkling everywhere you went. You were teasing me. You never stopped smiling up in my face."

"I remember. I was happy."

"You were intoxicated with your own success," he corrected. "Two feet, cut, one foot more, cut, etc. I had to take you out on that balcony in the cold to be able to speak to you." He hesitated a little. "You wore a white dress, white and shiny."

"I have it on now," said Page, "my white satin, made over, with this fish-tail train added."

"Who makes over your clothes?" asked Bruce harshly, incredulously.

"Mother and I. We've not very much money, you know."

He paused a moment and plunged on: "Then, in that very same dress, you went out on the little balcony. You didn't seem

to mind the cold. You didn't even get goose-flesh—"

"I love the cold."

"But I stood with my back against the wind and took you in my arms, kissed you. . . . said something about loving you. I did love you—"

"You said: 'Page, I love you so. Page, kiss me—darling, darling—'"

He flushed. "And you kissed me over and over, and you laughed, but all you said was, 'You'll get over it, lamb. Nothing lasts for ever'."

PAGE REMEMBERED. She remembered that it was the year she was gathering together a "line," something pat to say in all emergencies. Quite automatically, even with her heart beating madly against her white satin dress, she had repeated it to Bruce. And Bruce had gone away.

"Making all allowances for the fact that you are a member of an unsentimental generation," continued Bruce smoothly, "you can see that I wasn't bowled over by your love for me. I knew then and there, as I had suspected it before, that you were emotionally incapable of love as I knew it. And somehow I couldn't see you in an engineering camp, with mosquito bites on your ankles and your hair getting dry. That calls for a lot of something, and I don't know what else to call it but love."

"So then?"

"So then I sailed. I got the job that night. That is, I found the letter on my desk when I came home, and the next morning I packed up and left. I was glad to go. I wanted to get well."

"Get well?"

"Get over the sort of hell I was going through. Get cured of you. Imagine having to go a couple of thousand miles to do it. That ought to flatter your vanity."

Page saw through the frons of the palm. Jim Field was coming to get her for this dance as sure as fate. And more than anything in the world she wanted to stay where she was.

"And did it work?" she asked hurriedly. "Were you all cured?"

Bruce looked across at her and laughed shortly.

"No," he said. "As a matter of fact, I wasn't. Looking at you now, I can weigh you and value you better than I did before, but I know very well that I could make the same sort of fool of myself as I did then. . . . And that's why I'm bidding you good night, my child, and good-by—"

"But where are you going?" Page's tongue was going dry, and a cold sweat dampened her palms. She told herself that she couldn't bear it if he went away again but that she must not show she couldn't bear it. She must keep on smiling till her mouth hurt and she must lock the tears back of her

eyelids till she was blind. She twisted the little lace handkerchief tucked in her evening bag into a tight ball.

"Going back to my job tomorrow, on the noon boat," answered Bruce, "for another two years. Then a new job, but always a job."

"Jobs help?" asked Page sympathetically. "You bet."

"Then I ought to have one," she said under her breath. "I ought to work till I drop—to forget you." She fought against tears. She forced herself to shake hands with Bruce and say good night—and good-bye—with friendly politeness.

PRESENTLY SHE let Jim Field whisk her off on to the dance floor again. It was only one o'clock and the dance would last until two-thirty.

She watched Bruce. He said good-by to people. He shook hands with the Chairman of the Committee. Then he took the stairs two steps at a time. There was something joyous and free in his movements, as if he were glad to get away from that room and those people. She ached to go with him, even as far as the door.

She stopped dancing. "Listen, Jim, wait a minute, won't you? I—there's something in my coat pocket that I want. I'll run up and get it. You couldn't find it."

Following Bruce, she took the stairs on a light run. She couldn't find him. He must have grabbed his coat and gone.

Without bothering to find her check, she pointed to her coat and said to the bewildered maid, "Quick. Hand me that."

She plunged through the revolving door and looked up and down the street. There was an inch or two of snow and it was cold, but she forgot to put on her coat. It hung over one arm, and with the other hand she held up her train so that she could run.

"Which way did he go?" she asked the pink-faced doorman. "Did he take a cab?"

"No, miss, he was walking—that way. You can just see him."

Page saw the figure two blocks away, with the top hat and the arrogant walk. Breathlessly, she started to run, calling and calling.

"Bruce, wait. Bruce, I'm coming with you. Bruce!"

The doorman observed mildly to a taxi driver, "I never saw a young lady run out in the snow before, without her coat—not unless she was intoxicated, and this young lady wasn't."

"Naw, she ain't drunk. Just kind of crazy. Look at 'em."

Almost two blocks away, the running white figure was surrounded and submerged by the darker one. They stayed there on the street, two blotches intertwined with the snow falling on them, until the doorman, who was English, said "Dear me!" and the cab driver scratched his head in perplexity.

MR & MRS GOOF Mrs. Goof tries out a new gadget



Stale Coffee insults your taste... upsets your nerves

You can't hope to be a cheerful, peppy person if you drink stale coffee.

Stale coffee contains rancid oil. It not only loses its rich flavor—it upsets your nerves. It makes you an easy prey to any-

one who tries to "get a rise" out of you.

You can solve the fresh coffee problem by drinking Chase & Sanborn's Coffee! Chase & Sanborn's is rushed *fresh* from the roasting ovens to your grocer by a

wonderful swift delivery service.

It's rich and healthfully stimulating because it's always fresh. No chance for it to develop rancid oil. Start tomorrow. Your grocer has it in pound and half-pound tins.

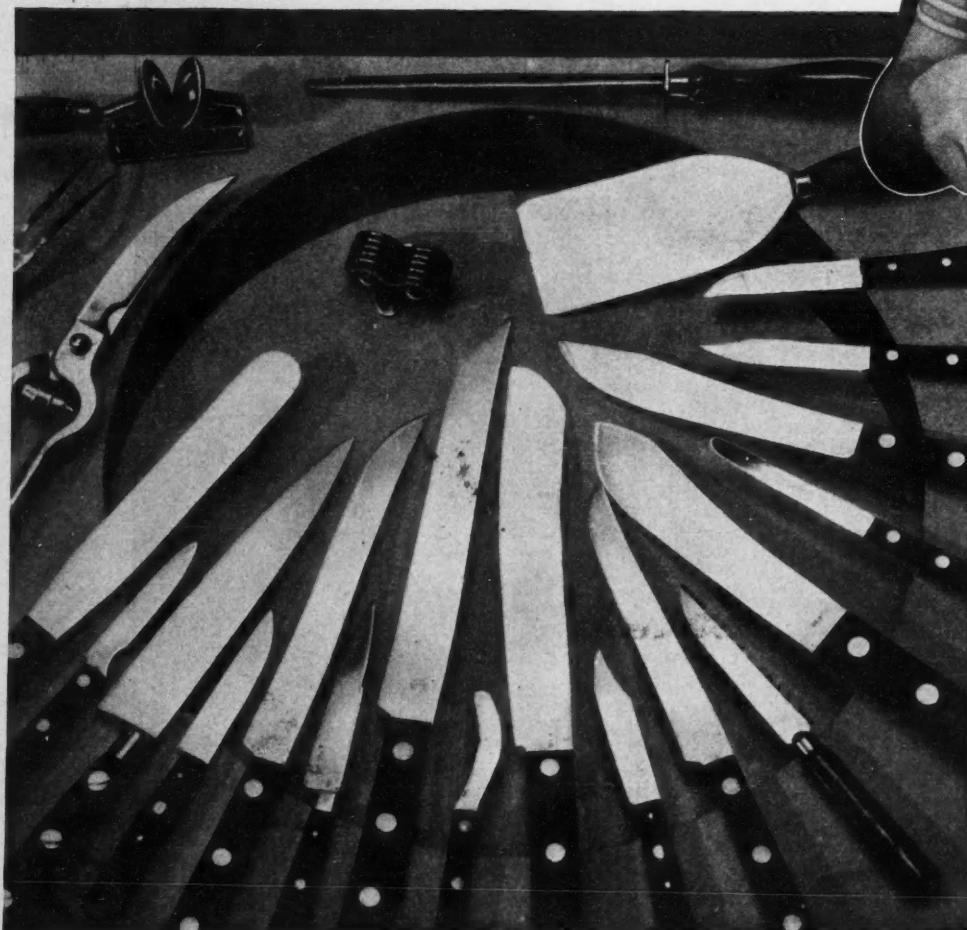
Roasted and packed in Canada

Kitchen Tools

by

HELEN G. CAMPBELL

There is no all-purpose knife—but there is a knife for every purpose. (Cutlery, courtesy of the T. Eaton Co.)



knife with a stiff blade about six inches long, a grapefruit knife specially designed to round the curve, and two limber spatulas, a broad and narrow one.

Then when you have a well-selected array of "cutters," keep them for the purpose they are intended. Don't ask them to pry the top off a bottle or cut the string from your parcels; these are jobs for the cap remover and the scissors—two other indispensable instruments. Use, but not abuse, your kitchen cutlery if you want to get long and faithful service from them.

In buying knives, the quality of the steel, the workmanship, the shape, the size, and the type of edge are things to consider. Cheapness is no criterion, for even the best does not mean a great outlay of money and there is all the difference in the satisfaction you will have. Manufacturers of high-grade products use a steel, treated and tempered to just the right degree of toughness to hold a keen edge for a long time. For stainless cutlery an alloy steel is used, and this does away with the tedious job of everlasting polishing, while being at the same time practical and attractive.

The edge is the business end of a knife. Examine it; if it isn't sharp when it's new, ten to one it never will be. Notice how it is ground and tapered to the desired thinness. Serrated edges when well designed cut with a clean neat cut and are fine for bread, cake, fruit and vegetables. Fresh, even hot, bread can be sliced without crumbling with this sawlike blade.

Look to the handles. Is there a good bond between them and the blade? Are they well shaped and comfortable in the hand, of suitable material and good finish? Bakelite, vulcanite, or wooden handles firmly riveted, all fulfill the requirements if the quality and workmanship are good. Colored handles appeal to those who want to carry out a decorative plan in detail but beware of poor enamel poorly applied, for it will soon crack and have a down-at-heels look. Don't let handles of this type soak in water, for no matter how good the finish the enamel will [Continued on page 43]

DO YOU GO in for antiques? It's a nice hobby, worth poking about auction sales and funny little shops for things with a sort of ancestral look about them.

But I hope to goodness your kitchen tools are not part of the collection. Dear me, the way some women hang on to nicked and battered cutlery you'd think they were heirlooms, each dent a mark of honor on the family escutcheon.

No, the kitchen is no place for relics. We're all for modernity there in the little things as well as the larger appliances. Throw out that old knife with the loose handle or the blade which won't keep an edge. You can't be sentimental about that, for it's all your husband calls it when he goes to carve the roast. Replace it with a new one—the best you can buy; it won't cost much money and it will save your time and temper.

Many housekeepers have a woefully inadequate supply

of cutlery. They lack the right tool for the job and any craftsman knows the inconvenience that means. There is no one all-purpose knife, but there is a knife for every purpose and if you have a good assortment you can meet any situation efficiently—slicing, paring, carving, coring or whatever it may be.

To decide just what items in the cutting line should be at hand, check off the different tasks you have for them and make your list accordingly. You may not need the same as your neighbor who has a larger family or entertains a great deal more, but there are some articles no housekeeper can very well do without. Every kitchen should be equipped with two paring knives—more if convenience demands it; a slicer with long, narrow, rather flexible blade, a carver with a curved point which gets in around the bones of the meat or fowl, a breadknife with plain or serrated edge, a utility

Less than 1¢ Worth of Magic *would have prevented this . . .*



Isn't it foolish to trust expensive ingredients to a doubtful baking powder—when dependable MAGIC costs so little . . .

IT ALWAYS PAYS to be fussy about baking powder.

The fact is—inferior baking powder makes poor cake. It can even cause a flat failure—waste all your fresh butter, eggs and milk; your fine flour and sugar.

That's why it's important to make sure the baking powder you buy is dependable—like MAGIC.

You can count on Magic Baking Powder. Its quality never varies. It gives you consistently

fine results—luscious, feather-light cakes, muffins, biscuits and cookies that positively melt in your mouth!

And Magic is so inexpensive every housewife can afford to use it. Actually—less than 1¢ worth makes a big cake!

Don't trust your cakes to "just any" baking powder. See to it that you get dependable Magic—every time!

CONTAINS NO ALUM—This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

MADE IN CANADA



MADE WITH MAGIC

With Magic Baking Powder you get PERFECT leavening . . . every time you bake! Feather-light, even-textured cakes like this!

Send for the new Magic Cook Book to use when you bake at home. Dozens of tested recipes . . . Just mail the coupon for a free copy!

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Please send me a free copy of the new Magic Cook Book

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Street _____

City _____

Prov. _____



Canada's Leading Cookery Experts Use and Recommend MAGIC Baking Powder

"It's poor economy to risk failures with inferior baking powder. Magic never varies. That's why I recommend it for all recipes calling for baking powder," says Miss Lillian Loughton, dietitian and cookery expert of the Canadian Magazine.

Try this easy-to-make recipe for Magic Château Cake

Magic Château Cake . . . Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, slowly add 1 cup sugar, beating in well; add 3 unbeaten egg whites one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Sift together 2 cups pastry flour, 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt; add alternately

with $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk to first mixture. Bake in 2 well-greased layer cake pans in moderate oven at 375° F. about 25 minutes. Put layers together with Chocolate Filling. Cover top and sides with 7-minute Frosting (see page 15 of the new Magic Cook Book) and sprinkle finely shaved unsweetened chocolate over top.

Chocolate Filling: Heat $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons milk and 2 squares unsweetened chocolate in top of double boiler. Slowly add 2 cups confectioner's sugar, beating continually. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla extract. Beat till creamy. If necessary, add more milk to make good consistency to spread.

Meals of the Month

Thirty-one Menus for January

1	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Waffles Maple Syrup Tea Coffee	Creamed Mushrooms in Patty Shells Celery Apricot Ice Tea White Cake Cocoa	Bouillon Toast Fingers Roast Chicken Gilet Gravy Browned Potatoes Cauliflower Tomato Jelly Mold Hot Mince Pie Grapes, Nuts Coffee	17	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Fried Ham Tea Toast Coffee	Cream of Celery Soup Cabbage and Pineapple Salad Bread Rolls Tea Cocoa
2	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Tea Jam Tea Coffee	Cold Sliced Chicken Pan Fried Potatoes or Chicken and Rice Croquettes Canned Cherries Tea Cocoa	Chicken Broth Broiled Lamb Chops Baked Potatoes Braised Celery Banana Whip Tea Coffee	18	Half Orange Cereal Toast Tea Jam Tea Coffee	Curried Rice on Toast Sliced Bananas and Cream Cookies Tea Cocoa
3	Stewed Apricots Bacon and Eggs Toast Tea Coffee	Lima Beans and Tomato Casserole Brown or White Bread Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Mock Duck Brown Gravy Au Gratin Potatoes Peas and Carrots Apple Batter Pudding with Nutmeg Sauce Tea Coffee	19	Cereal Waffles Tea Maple Syrup Coffee	Vegetable Soup Crackers Orange, Apple and Canned Pear Salad Cheese Baking Powder Biscuits Cocoa
4	Sliced Bananas Cereal Poached Egg Toast Tea Jelly Tea Coffee	Cream of Mushroom Soup Vegetable Plate Hot Rolls Tea Cocoa	Baked Fillet of Haddock Drawn Butter Sauce French Fried Potatoes Buttered Beets Baked Lemon Pudding Tea Coffee	20 (Sunday)	Cranberry Juice Foamy Omelet Brown Rolls Marmalade Tea Coffee	Individual Chicken Pie Fruit Cup Cookies Tea Cocoa
5	Lemon Juice Cereal with Raisins Toast Tea Marmalade Tea Coffee	Cheese Rarebit Salted Biscuits Cookies Canned Plums Tea Cocoa	Broiled Pork Chops Duchess Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Appie Sauce Peanut Blane Mange Tea Coffee	21	Lemon Juice Cereal Bran Date Muffins Tea Jelly Tea Coffee	Broth Baked Bean Casserole Catsup Brown Bread Sandwiches Baked Apple Tea Cocoa
6	(Sunday) Apples Small Sausages Warm Rolls Tea Jam Tea Coffee	Devilled Egg Salad Toasted Rolls Light Fruit Cake Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Cocktail Roast Prime Rib of Beef Brown Gravy Pan Browned Potatoes Baked Squash Date Caramel Pudding Tea Coffee	22	Prune Juice Bacon Toast Tea Honey Tea Coffee	Cold Sliced Ham Potato Salad Baked Apple Cookies Tea Cocoa
7	Orange Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast Tea Jelly Tea Coffee	Cream of Pimiento Soup Croutons Cole Slaw with Peanuts Currant Bread Canned Berries Tea Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Buttered Parsnips Sweet Gherkins Lemon Custard Tea Coffee	23	Sliced Bananas Cereal Scones Tea Marmalade Tea Coffee	Julienné Soup Croutons Asparagus and Egg Casserole Bread and Butter Tea Cocoa
8	Stewed Prunes Cereal Corn Meal Muffins Tea Jam Tea Coffee	Escalloped Corn Tea Biscuits (Cheese) Apple Sauce Tea Cookies Tea Cocoa	Clear Soup Liver and Bacon Stewed Tomatoes Parsley Potatoes Gingerbread Upside-down Cake Tea Coffee	24	Grapes Scrambled Eggs Toast Tea Jelly Tea Coffee	Bacon and Baked Stuffed Onion Chili Sauce Neapolitan Jelly Raisin Bread Tea Cocoa
9	Half Grapefruit Fried Ham and Eggs Toast Tea Marmalade Tea Coffee	Cream of Tomato Soup Tuna Fish Sandwich Oatmeal Cookies Jelly Tea Cocoa	Sausage Patties Sweet Baked Potatoes Buttered Beets Mixed Pickles Banana Cream Pie Tea Coffee	25	Cereal with Chopped Dates Brown Rolls Maple Syrup Tea Coffee	Tomato and Celery Casserole Cheese Crackers Waldorf Salad Tea Cocoa
10	Tomato Juice Cereal Scones Tea Honey Tea Coffee	Ham Omelet Date Bread Hot Toast Canned Peaches Tea Cocoa	Roast Beef Brown Gravy Pan Browned Potatoes Creamed Onions Rice Delight Tea Coffee	26	Orange Juice French Toast Tea Jam Tea Coffee	Consommé Creamed Salmon on Toast Johnny Cake and Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa
11	Apple Sauce Bacon Maple Syrup Tea Toast Tea Coffee	Shrimp Salad with Celery Bread and Butter Chocolate Cake with White Mountain Icing Tea Cocoa	Baked Finnian Haddie Scalloped Potatoes Winter Squash Fig Whip Custard Sauce Tea Coffee	27 (Sunday)	Cranberry Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Tea Syrup Tea Coffee	Molded Fruit Salad Raisin Bread Chocolate Cake Tea Cocoa
12	Cereal with Chopped Figs Foamy Omelet Toast Tea Coffee	Scalloped Left-over Vegetables Brown Bread Cottage Cheese Salad Lemon Snow Tea Cookies Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Caramel Bread Padding with Creamy Sauce Tea Coffee	28	Fried Apple Rings Baby Sausages Scones Marmalade Tea Tea Tea Cocoa	Cream of Split Pea Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwich Olives Date Bars Tea Cocoa
13	(Sunday) Grapes Cereal French Toast Conserve Tea Coffee	Sardines with Tomato Sauce on Toast Apple Compote with Hard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Roast of Veal Brown Gravy Pan Browned Potatoes Canned Beans Steamed Cherry Pudding Whipped Cream Tea Coffee	29	Tomato Juice Milk Toast Tea Biscuits Honey Tea Coffee	Scalloped Oysters Buttered Spinach Mold Grape Tapioca Tea Cocoa
14	Orange Slices Bread and Milk Bran Muffins Tea Jelly Tea Coffee	Macaroni and Cheese Hot Rolls Lime and Marshmallow Whip Tea Cocoa	Veal Fricassee Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Sweet Dill Pickles Apricot Pie Tea Coffee	30	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Bacon Toast Tea Loaf Cake Jelly Tea Coffee	Scotch Broth Crackers Broiled Fish (smoked) Pan Fried Potatoes Canned Peaches Tea Cocoa
15	Tomato Juice Cereal Grilled Bacon Tea Toast Tea Coffee	Poached Egg in Spinach Ring Hot Rolls Canned Pineapple Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Broiled Sirloin Steak Baked Stuffed Potatoes Asparagus Butter Sauce Steamed Fig Pudding Lemon Sauce Tea Coffee	31	Orange Halves Poached Egg Bran Muffins Marmalade Tea Tea Tea Cocoa	Rice and Mushroom Casserole Hot Rolls Jelly Roll Tea Cocoa
16	Stewed Apricots Soft-cooked Egg on Toast Scones Tea Jelly Tea Coffee	Tomato Juice Molded Salmon Salad Toast Strawberry Jam Tarts with Meringue Tea Cocoa	Beefsteak and Kidney Pie Green Beans Cottage Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Tea Coffee			Tomato Juice Boiled Hocks with Vegetables Dumplings Raisin Pie Tea Coffee

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.

Kitchen Tools

(Continued from page 38)

chip in time and must be given some care. Everybody knows what a dull blade can do to the most angelic disposition, so list a knife sharpener among your necessities. I admire skill with a sharpening steel but I never have been able to develop it, and most women are one with me in that. Fortunately there are efficient and inexpensive little gadgets for just this purpose, so there is no excuse for us. Read the directions

which come with your sharpener, for they are designed on different principles and must be used properly for good results. Another trick worth knowing in maintaining a keen edge on the blade is to store your knives in a rack fastened on the wall, or on the back of a cupboard door. This helps to protect them from getting nicked or scratched and dulled, and keeps them within easy reach. Place the rack at convenient height and in a handy location near your work centre. If they are stored in a drawer have some sort of division to keep the knives from being jumbled together.

Even the best of knives, after long wear and faithful service, will get past their prime. When they do, discard them, without compunction, and allot some of the housekeeping money for the best set of kitchen cutlery on the market. It's one of the little things in life—but how it counts!

on that thin crusty coating which keeps the fat out and the flavor in?

With some foods such as croquettes, fish balls and certain vegetables, we take special precautions to provide a surface which will discourage absorption of the fat. We roll them in egg and then in crumbs or cornmeal or prepared cereal before cooking, and that does the trick.

Now the fat is in the kettle—enough to come within a few inches from the top. Have it only two-thirds full, to leave room for a bit of fuss and bubbling when the food goes in, which is due to the moisture in the food being driven off by the heat of the fat. There is another reason for this precaution; any spilled fat is likely to catch fire and the flames may carry up into your kettle. Guard against that by filling your kettle only two-thirds full.

And the frying basket is waiting for the prepared foods. Put in only what will cover the bottom without crowding, for a large amount of cold food lowers the temperature too much. Another thing; check up the temperature before each basket-load is put in, not just the first time. Leave the thermometer in place and you will know at a glance.

When the food is cooked raise the basket, let it drip a few seconds and then turn the contents gently and lovingly on to a crumpled paper towel. This will absorb excess fat and keep the surface crisp.

Can the fat for frying be used again? Yes, but it should be strained through a double cheesecloth or fine sieve and kept in a covered container. It is hardly necessary to clarify each time, but occasionally put in a few slices of raw potato and heat until the potatoes are browned. Then drain and store ready for use again.

Simple rules, aren't they? If they are followed you will find the frying kettle the source of a whole range of good things as digestible as when cooked by any other method, and with a deliciousness which makes them worthy of being your specialty.

Doughnuts

**1½ Tablespoonsfuls of shortening
½ Cupful of sugar
1 Egg
½ Cupful of milk
2 Cupfuls of pastry flour
2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
½ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
½ Teaspoonful of nutmeg
½ Teaspoonful of salt**

Cream the shortening, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming. Beat the egg well, add the milk and combine with the creamed mixture. Sift together the flour, baking powder, spices and salt, add to the first mixture and mix thoroughly. Turn

Doughnuts

(Continued from page 37)

(same thing)—of the fat into substances which may be irritating to the digestive organs and give your doughnuts a bad name. Butter, which has a low smoking point, is out of the running, but many vegetable shortenings and vegetable oils which have a high one, are particularly well adapted for the purpose. High grade lard, too, can be used with satisfaction. It must be a fat, you see, which will become hot enough to cook the food before this chemical change begins to take place. Otherwise, poor flavor, disagreeable odors through the house and perhaps indigestion for somebody.

So the old idea of waiting for a faint blue smoke to rise from the kettle before putting in the food is all wrong. Nowadays with our scientific attitude toward cooking we don't think so much of the bread test either, though it indicates the temperature more or less roughly and if you have some experience it may serve at a pinch. Drop an inch cube of bread into the fat and if it browns in forty seconds—count—the temperature is around about right for cooked mixtures such as croquettes. If it requires sixty seconds for browning, put in your doughnuts or other uncooked food. But the only way to be accurate is to use a deep fat frying thermometer. It records the temperature to a degree and does away with all guesswork and "bad luck." Clip it on the side of the kettle when you put the fat to heat, then when it reaches a temperature suitable for whatever you are making, go ahead; you know you're right. If the degree of heat is not stated in the recipe there is a general rule which will guide you: Mixtures which are already cooked and are fried only to heat and brown them should be put in at 390 to 395 degrees Fahrenheit, while foods which need to be cooked as well as browned in the fat require a longer time in the kettle and therefore a lower heat—375 degrees Fahrenheit for most things.

But why is correct temperature so important? Because the success of the product hinges on it: that's the answer. If it is too hot, you know what happens: the outside is scorched before the centre is cooked. And if the fat is not hot enough, that is when you get the sad and soggy results—the grease-soaked products which have brought such slander on all fried foods.

Isn't it worth the trouble to have the temperature exactly right so that your doughnuts, or whatever it may be, will take

SEVEN HATS AND A BATHING SUIT! . . . That's all the light-hearted heroine of Nan O'Reilly's story "Trunk Call" had to wear—and she was on a big trans-Atlantic liner! It's one of the entertaining fiction features

IN THE FEBRUARY CHATELAINE.

These famous BRAN MUFFINS will help you

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



ALL-BRAN Muffins

2 tablespoons	1 cup flour
shortening	1 teaspoon baking
½ cup sugar	powder
1 egg (well beaten)	½ teaspoon soda
1 cup sour milk	½ teaspoon salt
1 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN	

Cream the shortening and sugar, add egg and sour milk. Add ALL-BRAN and let soak until most of the moisture is taken up. Sift flour with baking powder, soda and salt and add to first mixture, stirring only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin tins two-thirds full and bake in a moderate oven (400° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Yield: 8 large or 12 small muffins.

BEST FOR COOKING . . . BEST AS A CEREAL

**They're made with Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN—the delicious cereal
used by millions of people to help
promote regular habits!**

This cereal food brings the family needed "bulk" to help overcome common constipation . . . a frequent cause of headaches, loss of appetite and energy. ALL-BRAN also supplies vitamin B, as well as iron for the blood. Its "bulk" is much like that in leafy vegetables.

You've enjoyed ALL-BRAN as a cereal. You've sprinkled it over salads, in soups, over other cereals. Now try it in cooking. Make the most delicious, fluffy muffins you've ever tasted. Just follow the recipe on this page.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is the ideal bran for your recipes. Special processes make it finer, softer, and more palatable than ordinary bran. ALL-BRAN blends better with other ingredients, and adds a tempting nut-sweet flavor!

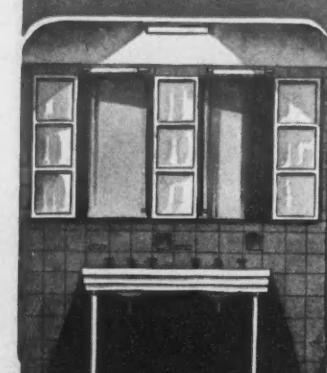
Two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily will help correct most types of common constipation. Chronic cases with each meal. If seriously ill, see your doctor. ALL-BRAN is not a "cure-all."

Isn't this "cereal way" better than taking unpleasant patent medicines? Try the famous ALL-BRAN recipe tomorrow. Get the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

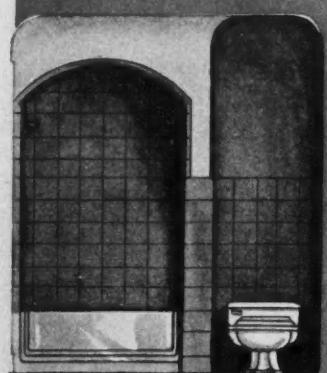
QUALITY GUARANTEED

N.K. Kellogg

CHATELAINE'S MODERN HOUSE NO. 1



The west wall



The east wall



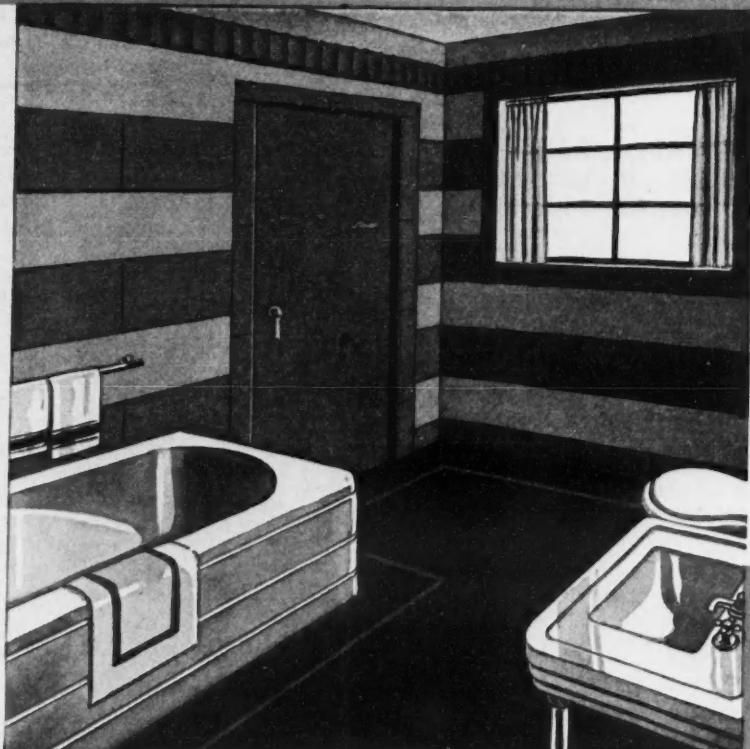
NEW COLOR IN THE BATHROOM

The bathroom above has: The latest in set-in baths. The modern double basin. Walls of vitreous, glazed tile in cream and beige. Floor in deep brown tile. Curtains in biscuit shade with shrimp-colored borders. Towels and bath mat touched with shrimp color.

(Off-white fittings with chromium-plated appliances by the Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Ltd.)

The bathroom to the right has: Walls in ivory and pale jade Vitrolite. Floor in black linoleum, banded with cream. Door and window casings in pale jade. Towels in white with green bands or motifs.

(Off-white fittings with chromium appliances by Crane Ltd.)



by Helen G. Campbell

THE MASTER BATHROOM

THE MASTER BATHROOM stands between the owner's bedroom and the smaller room at the front. Note the recess into which the latest luxurious tub fits snugly, the curved arch and design of the modern double basin. These are all smart new features of the room.

Now, in order that the man of the house, the too often neglected male, may be thoughtfully considered, an interesting treatment for this much used room might be a soft coffee tint and biscuit shade. Not a lunch counter—merely a charming and restful color combination: The walls are vitreous, glazed tile in this very pale brown and creamy tint, either alternating to form small blocks or coffee tile with biscuit mortar joints and a biscuit border. The wall above the tile is painted a peach beige. Deeper brown ceramic tile is used for the floor with the biscuit mortar forming fine light lines or squares. The door is finished to match.

If you want a bit of gaiety, set the wall tiles so that the coffee and biscuit shades alternate, and have your mason tint the mortar for the joints a pinky shrimp color. This will match the biscuit toned curtains with their borders in this new shade which points up and goes so well with the pale brown and cream combination. Towels and bath mat might also carry a touch of the same shrimp—a lovely pastel color so suitable for bathroom use.

The fittings are up to the minute in line and design—the bathtub and basin the last word in luxury. They are off-white in tone with chromium plated appliances, with this metal repeated in the door handle.

THE SECOND BATHROOM

THIS BATHROOM, shared by two bedrooms, is as smartly modern in decoration as the rest of the house.

It is a high-keyed color arrangement—ivory and pale clear jade, which is so successful in Vitrolite, the material used for the walls. Bands about nine inches wide of more or less equal value of tone run horizontally around the room, alternating from the floor to the ceiling. Strength and design are given by the door and window casings in jade Vitrolite, while the frieze is a member of the same material which has been sand blasted to give a two-toned jade and greyish jade effect.

The floor is high-grade black linoleum with a narrow band of cream color inserted, following the line of the fixtures. The ceiling is carried out in the same ivory tone used on the walls. Shower curtains and matching window curtains are of ivory satin with a bulrush design in black.

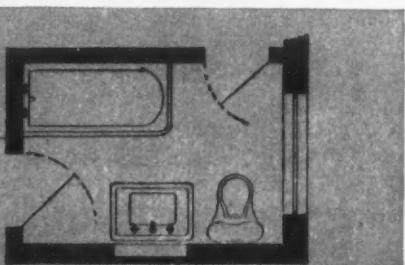
Bathroom fixtures are available in a range of lovely soft colors, but for this room we have chosen off-white or ivory with chromium plated appliances or fittings. This silvery metal is also carried out in door handles, curtain rods and shower rods. Should you wish to increase the force of this scheme, flat chromium plated bands, one-half inch wide could be inserted between the bands of ivory and jade Vitrolite used for the walls; the effect of this treatment is smart, modern, practical and altogether charming.

The major lighting arrangement is a centre fixture, a modern, three-tiered fixture in chromium plate. This gives an indirect, soft but brilliant light so much required in the room.

Towels and bath mat might be either white with green bands or motifs—or the reverse. Or if a note of bright color is wanted, yellow, peach, rose or orchid would be a happy choice.

This decorative scheme produces a clever, soft-toned effect which will not collide too markedly with any desired color plan of the adjoining rooms. And that, by the way, is something to think about in house decoration.

Fixtures—tub, basin and toilet—are of the newest design and satisfactory, smooth finish.



Lecturing is Tough Work

As I write this article I am between lecture trips. I have but recently returned from my lecture tour across Canada, down the Pacific Coast to southern California, returning by way of mid-southern and mid-western states, finishing in Chicago. I visited approximately 60 cities, travelling about 8,000 miles. I spoke often twice and sometimes thrice a day, delivering 100 lectures. I got to bed late and was up early. I had irregular meals and waited in cold, draughty stations for belated trains. Before this is in print, I shall leave for Montreal, Ottawa and other eastern Ontario points, where I will give a further series of lectures, and I know the halls will be crowded to capacity.

Yes, constant lecturing is a tough job . . . A "dog's life." Before I left for the West I made this statement. "I will come back to Toronto in December, full of pep and energy. I will not be tired. I will not have had a cold or any other sickness." As I write, every promise has been kept, every prediction has been true. I still say positively I shall finish my tour in "top form." And I again publicly challenge any disease, even a cold, to attack me, and from every lecture platform I shall defy disease as thousands have already heard me do. Then in January I'm off again, lecturing continually until May in western Ontario, Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City, Georgia, Florida and returning via Atlantic states, taking in Virginia, Washington, New York, Boston and other north-eastern points, probably 15,000 miles in eight months. Not once shall I miss an appointment, be sick, have a cold, an ache or a pain or be tired out.

Now while in my lectures I did not say much about the part played by my Dr. Jackson foods, Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub, in building for me the altogether unusual body of a well developed young athlete at almost 77, it was not because there was not much to say. I believe there could not be many in my audiences who would not realize that because I came back from the brink of the grave at 50, to such a state of physical perfection that I safely defy disease at almost 77, I at least understand a good deal about how to build a healthy body. Well, I wish to assert in the most positive manner that the use of Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub have been the chief agencies in my come-back and without them, but particularly without Roman Meal and Kofy-Sub, both of which I have used extensively for 27 years, long before they were marketed, I never could have come back.

The success of the Dr. Jackson Products is phenomenal and a great tribute to the health-building properties. Their sales have increased 650 per cent during the depression, making necessary 3 huge additions to the factory, the one now in process of construction will add 200 per cent to the manufacturing space, giving the factory when completed, a ground area covering much of a city block. As an indication of the growth of demand for Dr. Jackson Products I have only to point out that in Vancouver alone sales jumped from 4 carloads in 1933 to 20 carloads in 1934 and already 11 carloads are en route to Vancouver to satisfy the increasing demand of 1935, and this despite the fact that B.C. has more spurious imitations of Roman Meal than all the rest of Canada, for which their conscienceless promoters can find no more important thing to say than the entirely false claim that they are "the same as Roman Meal" or "like Roman Meal," etc. They are not and they cannot be for the simple reason that their makers cannot possibly obtain the flax-o-lin that makes Dr. Jackson Products different from all other grain foods.

Now it is not my intention to urge readers not to buy these falsely styled "the same as Roman Meal" cereals. I have no desire to do that but I say with all the force of words they are not at all the same as Roman Meal. Dr. Jackson cereals are in a class by themselves and this fact cannot be emphasized too strongly. The serious seeker will at least make a sufficiently long test of Dr. Jackson Products to find out and that is all I ask. Write for booklet "How to Keep Well" and list of alkalin-forming foods (both free) to Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Avenue, Toronto.

Robt. Jackson M.D.



The above is from a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., taken in his 70th year.

three boys gave a supper party for the debes who had entertained them—one of the nicest gestures I remember.

Of course, most of these lads have just finished school, too, and want some fun. So their parents make it possible for them, from the same motives actually, that they "bring their daughters out." Without their aid, a young boy couldn't very well afford a season with all it involves—sending flowers, repaying with dates, a car and so on. The "Old Man" or "The Governor" is a big support in their hour of need.

In 1930 and '31, we of the boom years pitied the poor debes because there were only about three dances. It was unnecessary. Those girls learned how to make their own gaiety. They made friends more easily and they were asked to join the Junior League sooner than debes of earlier and later years. Their deb season was an introduction, not the alpha and omega. It is true they hadn't the intoxicating whirl we had, but they hadn't the hang-over either, when other girls usurped their places in the limelight. They hadn't many parties to brag about, but they had a sane, well-balanced point of view.

Slang was necessary in 1928. Today it is not, thank goodness. But we talked about last night's party incessantly, using "hey, hey," and "so's your old man," and "whoopee." It was very easy to talk once you knew these key-words. I didn't know them at first nor any others, having gone to an old-fashioned school. It was a dreadful handicap. But at the end of two months I had mastered a fair amount. Then I went away and soon discovered that no one on the ship or abroad spoke the language I had tried so hard to learn. Another shock came when I noticed older girls, not half so well supplied with clothes nor with anything like the parties I had to boast about, were just as popular with young boys, and much more so with older ones. I had learned how to talk spectacularly. They had learned how to listen.

WHAT HAPPENS to the debutante after her Season? Not many go to the university, only those do who are really interested. Do they concentrate on careers, hobbies, Junior Leagues, marriage? This is what happened to the debutantes of 1928:

Only one has a "career." Nearly all have hobbies, the Junior League and a certain amount of travel to keep them busy.

In checking up, I find that thirteen have married, twenty-seven have not. Of the others, I haven't heard of them since.

The average girl, once she has come out, does not lead a brilliant life. It is quite gay, but unless she has a devoted B. F., with dates every night and matrimony in his eye, she is lucky if she can count on four out of seven nights being taken. This in itself is not a tragedy, but it seems like one to the poor ex-deb who has been introduced in a whirl, only to find that it was not an introduction but an end for her. Married or single, she will find the next few years dull in comparison. I often wish I had saved some of the money I spent on clothes when I didn't need to work for attention, so that I could spend it now when I have to compete with the younger debes.

Sometimes, when I hear the tunes "Tiger Rag" and "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," I look wistfully back at my deb self in that mad topsy-turvy year and I sometimes wonder if it was worth it. It took me almost five years to get back to a normal outlook.

All of which isn't going to change things, but it may impress those girls who are on the threshold of their first season that Coming Cut is not real but artificial; that it is not worth worrying over, even if no one "cuts in" for five minutes; that it is foolish to spend more than one can afford, borrowing from the next year; that it is even more foolish to think they will marry in a couple of years and, if they do, that it will be one round of gaiety; that they are lucky if they have a date every night and that it is because they are debes and not Empress Elizabeths with 342 lovers.

It's a short life, debutantes, and, if you don't take it too seriously, a merry one!

Judge that is Judge!



Eagle Brand

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
1 cup Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk

3 squares unsweetened
chocolate
1 cup nut meats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235°F.-240°F.). Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares. Serve a fudge that is Fudge.

Even beginners will get a marvelous result with this recipe. A melt-in-your-mouth smoothness, a glorious creaminess! But remember—this recipe calls for Sweetened Condensed Milk. Don't confuse it with Evaporated. Just remember to ask for Eagle Brand.

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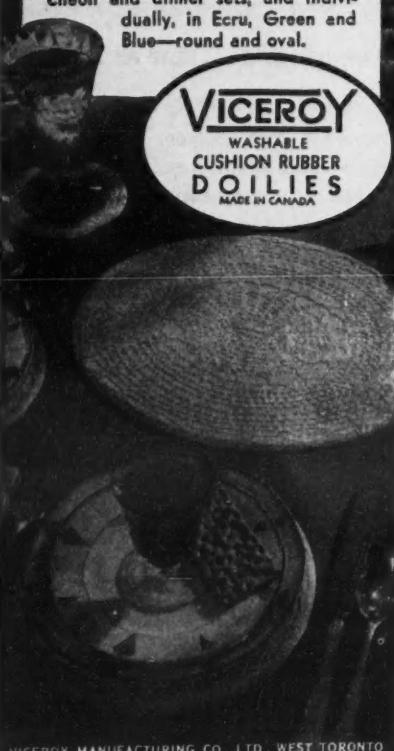
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out on a lightly floured board and roll to about half inch thickness. Cut with a doughnut cutter and fry in hot, deep fat—375 degrees Fahr.—until golden brown, turning to brown both sides. Remove from the fat, drain on absorbent paper and if desired sprinkle with powdered or confectioner's sugar. Makes about two dozen doughnuts.

Drop Doughnuts

1 Egg
1/2 Cupful of milk
1 1/2 Cupfuls of flour
2 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
1/4 Teaspoonful of cinnamon and cloves mixed
1/2 Cupful of sugar
Pinch of mace
1 Teaspoonful of melted shortening

Beat the egg until light and combine with the milk. Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt, sugar and spices and combine with the egg and milk mixture. Mix thoroughly and add the melted shortening. Drop by spoonfuls into deep, hot fat—375 degrees Fahr.—and fry until nicely browned and cooked through. Remove from the fat, drain on absorbent paper and serve fresh.

Chocolate Doughnuts

1/4 Cupful of shortening
1 1/4 Cupfuls of sugar
2 Eggs
1 1/2 Squares of unsweetened chocolate
1 Cupful of sour milk
4 Cupfuls of flour
1 Teaspoonful of baking soda
1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
1 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of vanilla

Cream the shortening, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming. Add the well-beaten eggs and the melted chocolate and mix thoroughly. Sift the flour with the baking soda, cinnamon and salt and add alternately with the sour milk to the first mixture. Add the vanilla and, if necessary, enough more flour to make a mixture that

Confessions of a Debutante

(Continued from page 31)

spent all of \$20,000 for her début season. This amount included her clothes, her reception and a dance. One single ball in the 1928 season is said to have cost more than \$10,000.

What is the full-time, fourteen-hour-a-day job of a debutante? Dates. They vary with the years or, rather, with the stock market. When I made my début, the market was at its peak, of course.

The first big ball in Toronto that autumn of 1928 was on October 24, and the last was on February 1—a period of twelve weeks during which there were nineteen big debutante dances and ten balls, such as St. Andrew's, Military, Christmas R.M.C., and so on. This meant that there was always one, and many times there were three large balls in one week for a period of three months. Added to these, there were ten dinner parties, two theatre parties, six tea dances, seventy tea-receptions—which often included bridge—and thirteen luncheons.

Then there were dates for the supper dance at the hotel or the club, small evening bridges, three weddings, a garden party, rehearsals for the special dances at St. Andrew's ball, the theatre to go to, concerts

can be handled. Turn out on to a lightly floured board, pat and roll to about quarter inch thickness, cut with a doughnut cutter which has been dipped in flour and fry in deep hot fat—375 degrees Fahr.—turning to brown both sides. Remove from the fat and drain on absorbent paper. Dust with sugar if desired.

Timbales

1 Cupful of flour
1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
1/2 Teaspoonful of sugar
2/3 Cupful of milk
1 Egg
1 Tablespoonful of melted shortening

Sift together the flour, salt and sugar. Add the milk to the slightly beaten egg and combine with the dry ingredients. Add the melted shortening and beat until smooth. Put the timbale iron in the fat and heat the fat to the correct temperature for frying the timbales—370 degrees Fahr. Dip the hot iron into the batter to about three-quarters its depth and plunge immediately into the hot fat. Cook until delicately browned, having the iron completely immersed but not touching the bottom of the kettle. Remove from the fat and remove the timbale case from the iron, using a clean cloth in the hand and drain in inverted position on absorbent paper. This makes from eighteen to twenty cases.

Croustades

Cut stale bread in slices from two to two and a half ins. thick. Then shape in squares, oblongs or circles and scoop out the centres with a fork, leaving cases approximately quarter inch thick. Drop into deep, hot fat—375 degrees Fahr.—and fry until delicately browned on all sides. Drain on absorbent paper and use as a case for serving creamed vegetables, meat or fish.

Send a stamped, addressed envelope for seven more interesting new recipes to use with your frying kettle. Address to: Editorial Department, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

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No. 150—An all-in-one back and cleverly seamed skirt-front make this frock delightfully slenderizing. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches. Size 38 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards and $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 39 inch material.

No. 155 — The tunic dress is one of 1935's smartest offerings. It should fit trimly to the figure and flare jauntily at the hem. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires 4 yards and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 39 inch material.

No. 144 — For afternoon wear the jacket-frock is ideally suited. This smart bolero-like jacket flares full at the back. The frock has small drop-shoulder sleeves and a jabot cascades from one side of the high draped neck. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 39 inch material.



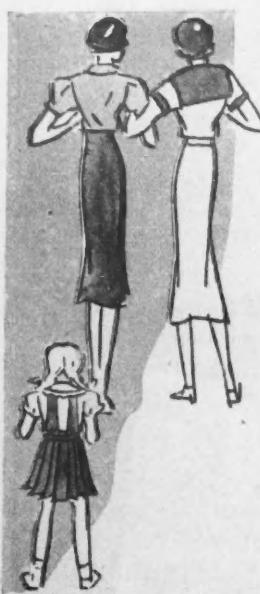
161

No. 161—Both demure and sophisticated is this enchanting evening frock, with the wide V front and deep square back. It would be charming in taffeta. Sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 15 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

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YOUNG IDEAS IN CLOTHES



No. 154 — There's a hint of the schoolgirl middy about this smart little frock. The skirt forms a pleat at the front. Sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54 inch and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 39 inch material.

No. 256 — The fitted, raised waistline is youthful and very becoming. Inverted kick pleats at the front give fullness. Sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 15 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54 inch material.



256



133

No. 133 — Here's an ideal snow-suit and helmet for the boy or girl who loves to play in the out-of-doors. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 54 inch material.

No. 130 — Make it of waterproof material — the zipper front fastening closes the jacket snugly to the neck. Sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54 inch material.

154

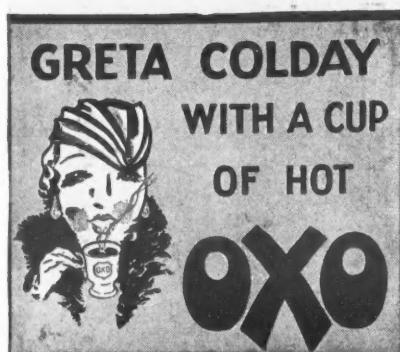
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Chatelaine's
January, 1935

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Blind Man's Buff

(Continued from page 30)

"I'm sorry," added Michael Salters, "to seem stupid about things, but I'm temporarily blind." His voice changed to a happy, lighter tone, "Tomorrow I shall be allowed to remove these bandages—and I shall see."

They tried to talk, these two, but it did not go very well. Michael Salters could not quite conceal a certain nervous tension. Kincaid, desperately let down after Nance's revelations and the recent accident, mumbled an occasional conventional remark. The situation was embarrassingly difficult from every angle. And the more he thought of what Nance's reactions might be, should she regain consciousness before they arrived at Miss Dunbar's, the more uncomfortable he felt. It would be quite awful, cooped up here in the back seat of Michael Salters' car. Quite devastatingly awful. For all of them.

As they sped along he tried to review the situation clearly. Nance, obviously was removed from all obligations at the moment. Michael Salters had unwittingly entered the little comedy and behaved like a gentleman. It was up to no one but Kincaid Jerome to decide what was what.

He must in honor believe Nance. Now he glanced at the profile of the man supporting her. What he could see of it in the darkness looked cool and composed. If Nance should open her eyes this minute, to find herself sitting between them, would she not be startled into revealing what was locked secretly in her heart? There was a very fine point here to consider. Kincaid scowled. Hers was the unalterable privilege of acting as she wished to act. She must not be forced by untoward circumstance to do otherwise, or matters might become muddled beyond repair. Commonsense was his guide, not a too fastidious conscience. Besides he was far from sure about his own deductions. If Nance could be loyal to one code of conduct, he could match it by another. He'd save her from surprises. She would be free to choose at leisure, quite by herself.

More than this, he was obliged to admit of a faint giddiness. The car swirled about him, growing larger, growing smaller. A cold perspiration broke out on his temples. He'd be darned if he'd make a holy exhibition of himself before Michael Salters. Bad enough already to have placed Nance in a predicament requiring his help. No, he'd get out of the car—and now.

ONCE ALONE, by himself on the wintry road, Kincaid's head cleared a little. He watched the red tail-light of the car diminish to a small, glowing coal. Escaping Michael Salters' cordial concern for his welfare had not been easy. But an argument about the runaway horse, a farmhouse near by where he could secure help, plus the hint that if it were convenient, the chauffeur might return for him, after Nance had been suitably

attended to, had won. Perhaps he'd been a fool, but at least he was free of subtle potentialities. He'd felt drearily encompassed by them in the car. It was up to Nance now. He had left her in good hands.

He took a step, winced, and stood still. His knee felt as if it were grinding up gristle between the joints. He inhaled a long invigorating breath and began to limp toward the farmhouse a few yards distant,

After careful explanations to the man who answered his knock at the cottage, Kincaid was admitted to the kitchen. Seeing how worn and strained he looked, his kind-hearted host went to rouse his wife. "I'll shake Katy up, and she'll make you some hot coffee. You look clean tuckered out. Then me and my son will go to hunt up your horse."

"May I use your telephone, please?" asked the visitor after a few minutes. He had been thinking of nothing but Nance. The car must have reached home by this time. "Miss Dunbar—how is Nance?"

"Kincaid! It's you speaking? What can you mean? I do think this rather late on a cold night, when you promised to bring her home early. I've been sitting up keeping the fire going for you."

A clammy sickening chill settled into his stomach, "But, Miss Dunbar, Nance should have been home many minutes ago. Don't be alarmed when I tell you we had a slight accident. I sent Nance home with your nephew, Mr. Michael Salters, in his car."

There was a short, wordless silence. "But my dear Kincaid, you must be out of your mind. I've seen nothing whatever of Nance. And my grand-nephew, Michael, is not expected until tomorrow."

Kincaid moistened dry lips and tried to make his voice matter-of-fact. "What I say is true. It must be true. His car frightened the horse; we spilled out. They offered us help and volunteered all information.

"Why," enquired Miss Dunbar in a cold, frosty voice, "did you desert her?"

That, he could not explain over the telephone. It would have sounded like pure nonsense. "I'll call you again in ten minutes," he said, and hung up.

Katy offered him a steaming cup of coffee. "Drink this," she smiled, "You need it."

He gulped down the hot coffee, thanked the woman and limped to the window. Nance, in a long, black powerful car, with strangers. Nonsense! His nerves must be ragged to think of such a thing. Nonsense! But the clamminess turned in his stomach, and he felt afraid.

"Let me look at your knee, mister," Katy was saying. "You've tore your pants. And I can see the blood where you've hurt it."

"Thanks, not yet." He glanced at his watch. "In two minutes I'll telephone again."

Sleigh-bells, faint and silvery, came to his ears. He cursed the sound of them under his breath—the horse—his own impulse in suggesting the ride. Now he went to the telephone. As his hand touched the receiver, sudden, glaring lights swept the kitchen. There were hasty steps on the snow, a knock at the door. Katy waddled over to open it. On the threshold stood a man's figure in chauffeur's livery. "Is Mr. Kincaid Jerome here?" he enquired.

Kincaid rushed to the door in a series of

jerks. "Good lord, man," he shouted. "What have you done with Miss Nance Dunbar?"

"She's right out here in the car, sir. She made us turn around just as we were getting to Copper Beeches—to hunt you up. She wouldn't go home. Are you all right, sir?"

"Is she all right?" Kincaid was fairly roaring with surprise and relief.

"Yes, sir, a bit—er—" a smile passed over the severe, correct expression of the man, "upset over the affair, in a manner of speaking. She come to, as I said, just as we reached Miss Dunbar's. As soon as she understood plain where she was, and why, she made a bit of a time, you might say. All confused like, and yelling for you. Pardon me, sir."

Kincaid laughed a big laugh. Nance had chosen! His theories had been proved.

Katy was chuckling close behind him, and beckoning to somebody else. Out in the dooryard a small figure shot from the car, wabbled a little, straightened, and came lunging into the kitchen. Hair dishevelled, eyes as big as a frightened puppy's, fur coat swinging open and showing a bright red frock, it hurled itself upon Kincaid, nearly upsetting him.

"Are you hurt? Are you all right? Tell me instantly." Small hands reached up to tug at his coat. "I can see you're hurt. You look pale. You're suffering, and never saying a word." Nance, eager, trembling, worried, clung to him. She seemed so little, so wilful, yet so enchantingly distressed.

"Thank goodness you're safe. I'm all right, dear." Warmth trickled back into his cold heart. An enormous relief ran through him, and a sweetness he dared not name.

A third figure with bandaged eyes stood in the door. "I trust you find the gentleman quite safe and sound, Nance?"

Michael Salters closed the door and came nearer. "Had you not been all right, Mr. Jerome, I shudder for the rest of us. We have been called everything from murderers to cutthroats."

They could find no words just then to say to this straight, tall man smiling at them. Bells jingled sweetly outside, and a sleigh turned into the dooryard.

"I promised," began Michael, "not to remove these bandages until tomorrow, but I've got to see this man whose welfare sent Nance into throwing tantrums." He did not say he must see Nance, which was a very queer thing, Kincaid thought.

They waited while Michael raised his bandages. Clear, tired, level eyes looked into theirs. Kincaid could understand now why Nance had declared she would feel the eyes of the Lord were upon her—the last sinner left in the world. It was not so much the color and expression as the quality of the beam which came from mind and heart. Kincaid waited quietly for the verdict.

"I think you'll do—very well, indeed." There was no patronage here, merely a complimentary, immense relief.

Nance, slender in her red frock, clung to Kincaid's arm. Her eyes sparkled behind tears. "I'm so sorry, Michael, for everything. I've been beastly to you. I've cheated and deceived you, but I loved you so much . . . until I met Kincaid. I've got to confess it now, though I was going to send him away." Her words stumbled into silence.

"I know, Nance. Don't feel too badly. I

love you for your loyalty. Aunt Sarah meant well, but we had to be ourselves. I'm something of a hoax myself." He cleared his throat, "I wanted to be sure of your attachment for me; to look at you with my own seeing eyes. That's why I came to surprise you. I thought I could discern by your first reaction at seeing me—the truth. Peter drove the car out from town and met me at the station. The doctor advised the train for this first trip. Nance, I've found someone else, too. But you've been my loyal, devoted friend for five years. I couldn't let you down, could I?"

The girl whirled away from Kincaid. "Oh! Oh! Say it all over again, Michael—very distinctly." She was near him now, vibrant, quivering with joy at this amazing news. Michael bent over her and stroked her hair. "All these dark little curls—and you said they were fair."

"Because you said you liked best that sort of color."

"I know. And dark, dark eyes, that are not the blue of violets."

Bravely she met his glance. "Yes, Michael," she murmured.

He drew her into his arms. He kissed her softly. "What a dear, sweet child you were to me! I knew you were trying to please me, and I could not bear to undeceive your deception. But now that Kincaid Jerome is here, and you love him—I see it all written in your face, so don't scowl at me—I can say that I've found the fair hair and violet eyes, in somebody rather wonderful. The nurse who saw me through this last gamble for sight."

"Bless you, darling," cried Nance and flung warm, impulsive arms about his neck. Michael's eyes were looking at Kincaid, tired, level, penetrating. "You care sincerely for this young woman draped around my neck?" he enquired formally.

"Yes, I do."

"And, Nance, you're really quite mad about the gentleman standing there with the torn trouser leg and a ragged scar on his bare knee?"

"Yes, I am."

"And have cared in your secret heart ever since you met him abroad?"

She nodded her head vigorously and hit her nose on his coat collar.

"Then, my dear," he gently suggested, "unloose the cousinly clinch and go tell him so yourself, like a good girl."

"Good heavens," exploded the infatuated Kincaid, "I promised to telephone Miss Dunbar in ten minutes. She'll be foaming at the mouth."

"Let 'er foam," said Michael with inelegant humor.

Nance went slowly, and in a lovely confusion, to Kincaid. "Will you—?" she faltered.

"Certainly. And let's keep the fat, blue satin pin-cushion as a reminder that though cherry dressers may be smashed to flinders, a bad day may have a glorious ending."

"What?" enquired Michael replacing the bandage on his eyes.

Katy had come back and was smiling at them from the doorway. "They've got your horse, mister," she announced, "and they wonder what shall they do with him."

"Ring all his bells . . . for our wedding!" said Kincaid with an extravagant solemnity.

"I Was at the Wedding"

(Continued from page 15)

the gesture. They broke into cheers—they were ready to cheer the world. Limousines pressing close at a snail's pace, sleek cars glittering like seals, taxis, one small midget from which a tall bemuddled officer in full dress uniform unfolded himself without a tremor; more limousines . . .

NOW WE are set down, as our card says, at this strange Abbey, dressed here in Marina's white and blue. Its long striped awning runs out to cover us from curbstone edge. For a while I stand at the canopied entrance watching the scene. . . . Fur-coated people climbing into stands where seats cost like fur coats; uniformed men piloting orchidaceous ladies across the triangle. Here come Yeomen of the Guard, who catch the points of their pikes in the doors of their red and white lorries. They are to form an entrance guard.

The Abbey is half full now. Princess Marina herself will enter by this door. Come in with me to this church which is not only London's but England's and the Empire's.

The church is gorgeous in ceremonial array. The high altar is dressed with a white

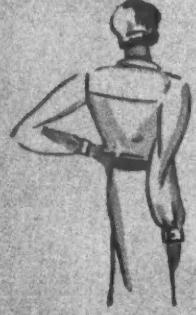
frontal inset with three enormous medallions. The upper frontal, a coronation gift of Queen Mary herself, is richly embroidered with royal history. Decking the altar itself are the priceless gold plate of ceremonial occasions, four great chalices, four flagons, three alms dishes, of stupendous size and all gold. Two splendid silver-gilt candlesticks, an array of modern pieces equally grandiose, two banners of blue silk with Biblical figures, and masses of heraldic and floral decoration, a third of white silk depicting St. Martin in scarlet and gold, are sumptuous works of art.

So many visiting, royalties, so many dignitaries, and celebrities tax the Abbey to overflowing. For the royal family and royal guests is reserved the Presbytery, that small space above the steps immediately west of

the Sacraum. In the choir transept's lantern nave sit the great officers of state, representatives of Lords and Commons, diplomatic corps, representatives of Dominions, chiefs of services and all eminent invited guests in more or less their order of precedence.

The King's Scholars (those not in the choir) are in their high-cornered gallery outside the windows in the Clerestory. (On what can they be perched?) Hands rub panes, shadows peer. Guests are in their seats. Ten-fifteen—how the time has flown! Someone comes and lays a fresh wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier. Their Royal Highnesses, the King's sisters, arrive; then Princess Beatrice, Lord Harewood and the Princess Royal. Someone says, "There's [Continued on page 50]

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Port Moody—P. Ostergard
Prince Rupert—H. S. Wallace & Co.
Princeton—Princeton Dept. Store
Rossland—Weir's Dry Goods
Salmon Arm—The S.A.F.E. Ltd.
Squamish—Mackenzie's, Ltd.
Trail—The Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Vancouver—David Spencer, Ltd.
Vancouver—The Baby's Own Shoppe
Every Woman's Shoppe
D. Sutherland's Dry Goods
Mrs. Martha Allard
M. A. Rutherford,
Osborne's—Kensdale Dry Goods
Reid's—Dry Goods
Mrs. F. Weston, 1733 Commercial Drive
Vernon—Hudson's Bay Co.
Victoria—Hudson's Bay Co.
Williams Lake—Mackenzies, Ltd.
P. E. I.

O'Leary—McWilliams & Turner
Summerside—R. T. Holman
NEW BRUNSWICK

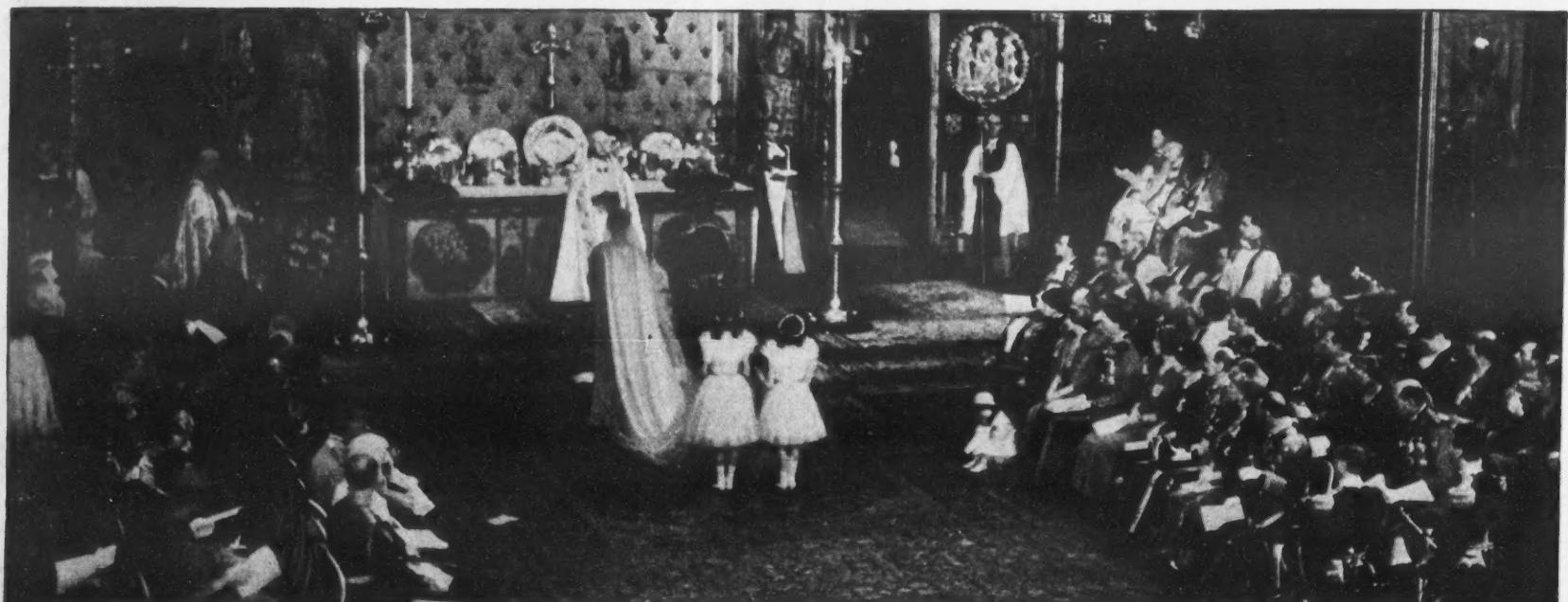
Blacks Harbor—Connors Bros.
Campbellton—Canadian Dept. Stores
Chippewa—King Lumber Co.
Dieppe—M. H. Attridge
East Fermeville—The Davis Co.
Fredericton—R. L. Black
Grand Falls—Isaac Daifan
Hartland—Keith & Plummer
Harvey Station—G. W. Coburn
Moncton—T. Eaton Co.
Newcastle—J. D. Creaghan Co., Ltd.
Perth—R. W. Estabrook
Saint John—F. A. Dykeman
Zellers, Ltd.
St. Andrews—Joe Savoy
Sussex—Sussex Mercantile Co.
Woodstock—Miss LaBalm
NOVA SCOTIA

Antigonish—Wilkie & Cunningham
Aylesford—Louie L. Davidson
Brockville—Miss Grace Chute
Digby—Mrs. B. J. Ross
Glace Bay—Canadian Dept. Stores
Guyana—B. & G. Jost, Ltd.
Halifax—T. Eaton Co.
Kentville—Arthur G. Hiltz
Kingston—Kingson Trading Co.
Middleton—Fred E. Bentley & Co.
New Glasgow—George White
New Waterford—Canadian Department Stores, Ltd.
North Sydney—Ingram's
Oxford—Davis & Swan
Parrsboro—Watson Weaver
Port Hawkesbury—J. J. Bourinot
Hardisty—R. S. Bond Co., Ltd.
High River—K. M. McCallum
Hythe—Salmon's Supply Co.
W. J. Salter

QUEBEC

Innisfail—The Globe Store
Irvine—Foxton & Johnson
Lévis—F. E. McDonald
Lédeux—Sheehan's, Ltd.
Legal—Legal Mercantile Co., Ltd.
Lethbridge—T. Eaton Co.
Montreal—Wilkie & Cunningham
Mont-Saint-Hilaire—L. L. Desjardins
Mont-Tremblant—Mme. Sophie Gaudreau
Mont-Joli—Mme. E. Dupere
Mont-Laurier Co. Labelle — Elle Basinet
Montmagny—J. A. Papillon
Pierreville—Schooner & Cie.
Pontiac—David Gourde, Amos Co.
Quebec—T. D. Dubuc
Telephone Simard, 183 St. Joseph
Melle C. Picard
Telephone Simard,
J. W. Malouin, 36 Victoria St.
Rawdon—Rawdon Sc. to \$1.00 Store
Richmond—Mme. B. Hudon
Rivière du Loup—J. E. Pineau
Scottstown—J. A. Labonne
Shawville—W. A. Godwin's Store Co.
Sherbrooke—Mac. Ginn's Crucifix
St. Anne de Bellevue—G. Daoust
St. Chrystiane—Mad. C. Machabée
St. Félix de Valois—J. Geo. Dufrêne
St. Gabriel de Brandon Co.
Berthier—J. M. Comeau
St. George de Beauce—Mad. O. Papillon
Sc. to \$1.00 Store
St. Jerome—Jean Dorion
Mme. Camille Coté
Mad. C. A. Gladu
St. Lin—Antonio Morel
St. Laurent—D. A. Miller
St. Martin—Arthur Vallant
St. Pacôme—Mad. Jean L. Lévesque
Remi, Co. Naperville
Lafaille & Pratte
St. Sophie de Lévaré—
Mad. M. Le Parandy
St. Thérèse de Blainville—
Mad. A. Lafraange
Sorel—Emilien Lachambre
Three Rivers—Lambert & Cloutier
Thetford Mines—Eugene Lemieux
Valleyfield—La Compagnie Dion
Verdun—Dominion Remnant Stores,
3952 Wellington Street
Dominion Remnant Stores, Ltd.
5001 Wellington St.
Worthmore Sc. to \$1.00 Store
5111 Verdun Ave.
J. I. Greaves & Co.
4342 Wellington St.
Victoriaville—Henri Auger
Windsor Mills—Mme. Joseph Coté
Yamachiche—J. E. Bellemare

Every Chatelaine Pattern is guaranteed perfect cut and perfect fit



Photographed during the wedding ceremony. The bride and bridegroom are at the altar. On the right can be seen Princess Margaret of York, sitting on a footstool.

"I Was at the Wedding"

(Continued from page 48)

the Duchess of York," but I fail to see her among the bobbing heads. Alas, I am too short—there are so many tall men in front of me, so many befurled women—what shall I see? The music has begun. Suddenly I see that a kind heart carrying eleven or fourteen miniature medals on its full-dress lapel, is motioning to a chair he has placed against a pillar. A nice solid chair, a steady shoulder in front of it. I am there.

Up the aisle go prelates—Archbishop of Canterbury, Archbishop of York, Bishop of London, Metropolitan Germanos of Thyateira, ex-Archbishop of the Ecumenical Patriarchate in Western Europe, and the great Archimandrite Michael Constantindis; go small beruffled choir boys, tall men in white and scarlet, the Dean of Westminster in gorgeous robes and that magnificent man, Canon Carnegie, towering above the crowd in his gold and crimson cope and a halo of his own white hair.

NOW THE CARPET that has been spread all morning is rolled up. Fresh crimson is spread in its place, the princes of the church proceed down to the great west door to meet the procession of the King and Queen, which

has driven through a route of cheering subjects from Palace to Abbey door. No one in that procession of royalties up the nave catches the eye like Her Majesty the Queen, regal in her dress of blue sparkling with silver paillettes. Her blue hat with its spray of diamonds glitters like a crown; her jewels are breathtaking; her exquisite white hair like a silver cloud above her clear-cut features; her diamonds serve to set off her clear, fine complexion. The King is in a gorgeous uniform. Slowly they pass and as they pass, the guests, like brilliant flowers in a slow breeze, curtsey as they stand.

Follows a long procession of royalties, the kings and queens of Denmark, Greece, princes, princesses, the great officials, the officers of the household of the royal suite, Her Imperial and Royal Highness Princess Nicholas of Greece, graceful in pale yellow beige with the same shade osprey plumes wreathed about her toque—a mother who must have been both proud and pleased, and who looked deeply stirred with emotion.

Now preceded and followed by officers of their households comes the bridegroom with his two royal brothers, the Prince of Wales at his right hand, the Duke of York at his left—the Duke of Kent, the handsomest and tallest of the three. They obviously march to happiness. In their rich uniforms, naval military and flying force, they represent dominion over water, earth and air. They pass, and again the slow wind bows the congregation. From my vantage point I can see bridesmaids slipping into the Abbey from one side in their white and silver frocks. They carry armfuls of white roses and wear

bandeaux of silver in their hair. Tiny Lady Mary Cambridge, slim little Princess Elizabeth, wear dresses of white tulle over silver, with wreaths of white roses round their golden heads. . . . Princess Eugenie of Greece, Lady Iris Mountbatten, Princess Catherine of Greece, Princess Kyra of Russia, Princess Irene of Greece, Princess Juliana of the Netherlands. . . . For a moment a hush falls—the rustling of programmes, the breath of the whisper of fifteen hundred people—and suddenly I see her at the great west door, outlined in all her slender grace against the light—this lovely creature, this almost fairy princess who has caught the heart of all England within her graceful arm. Whether it is her dimples, curls, chic smile, the subtle whole that makes her, charm envelopes her in a haze of happiness and romance.

So, preceded by choir, canons and dean, comes the bride on the arm of her father, Prince Nicholas of Greece. She wears a snowflake gown of white and silver, patterned with English roses, its flowing sleeves and yards of train lined with silver too. Over it a nebulous cloud of veil flows back from the orange blossoms and diamonds that wreath it close above her curls—flows back to the very feet of her small bridesmaids. Diamonds glitter in her ears. Round her neck she wears a flat necklace of enormous diamonds set so lightly that they lie like glittering dewdrops at the base of her throat. They are the gift of the King. In her arm she carries a sheaf of lilies bound with silver and inset with myrtle grown from a sprig of Queen Victoria's marriage bouquet.

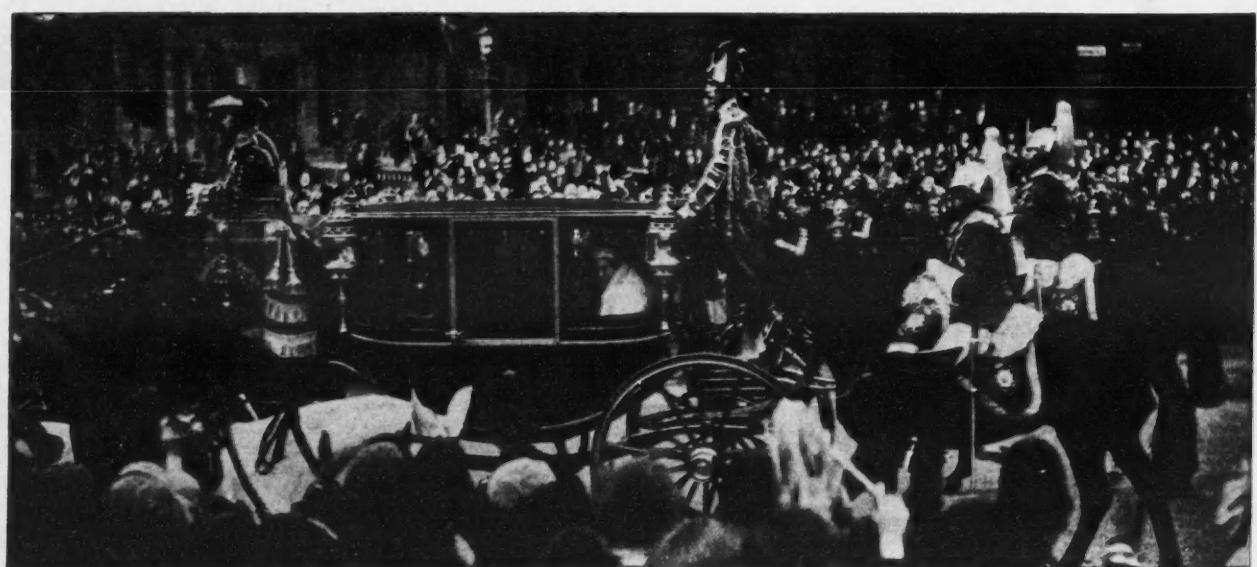
Can you see them now standing together before the high altar, canopied with history, enshrined for the moment in this almost unimaginable splendor of gold and jewels, color and flowers, royalty of many lands, great names of many countries, church and state, and think of them also the centre just now of that group of loving brothers and sisters, of devoted mothers and fathers, of happy, human, splendid people who are their own flesh and blood. Look to the heart of it and you will see that this glamor of romance that radiates from the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the fascination that they hold for every baker's lad and tired typist, for every slipped father and cheering char, and so on with us all, is based on this affectionate group of friends and relatives who enjoy each other and share their happiness with their kingdom.

In all the service the most beautiful moments were clear as crystal shining. Silver boys' voices rising unaccompanied, wise old words of the marriage service, clear to us all, the audible responses of bride and groom, the organ, the anthem. It seemed only a moment when "Here Comes the Bride" pealed out. Again the towering golden cross swung its way under the organ arch. The processional choir went its way to part at the door to let the bride come through. And here indeed she came, radiant and smiling, Prince George looking both proud and happy at the pinnacle of that moment of achievement which comes to a victorious bridegroom, be he duke or dustman, when his wife first slips her hand through his arm.

THE LAST WORD

In view of the particular interest in these photographs, of the recent royal wedding—which arrived just in time to "make" the January issue—Chatelaine publishes them here in place of "The Last Word," which usually occupies this position.

The coach bearing the Duke and Duchess of Kent from the Abbey to Buckingham Palace, was surrounded by enthusiastic crowds.





INTERESTING 4-GENERATION FAMILY

1st generation—Mrs. J. F. Green, right
2nd generation—Mrs. C. R. Weirich, left
3rd generation—Mrs. W. G. Poole, center
4th generation—Buddy and Nancy Poole, front

Natural color photographs, unretouched

"ONE SOAP SAFE FOR EVERYTHING

—and it's quick as scat on dirt," says grandmother Weirich.

"I was the one who found Chipso for this

family," Mrs. Weirich tells proudly. "I showed both my daughter and my mother how white it gets the clothes without hard rubbing and yet how marvelously it preserves colors and takes care of the finer things in the wash. As soon as I used Chipso for dishes and saw how it saved my hands, I knew that Chipso is a finer soap. Chipso makes wonderful, rich suds that soak dirt loose in 15 minutes or less."

"NO HARD RUBBING,"

three mothers agree. "What a stack of men's underwear, towels, sheets and table linen Chipso soaks snowy white and sweet for us each week!" exclaims Mrs. Weirich.

"Yet Chipso's just as wonderful for my nice things and for the children's colored clothes," chimes in Mrs. Poole.

"Well I'm 80 years old," smiles Mrs. Green, "but I can tackle a wash if I need to—with Chipso. You don't have to boil the clothes or do any hard rubbing!"



*Chipso
makes clothes
wear longer*

LESS MENDING . . . MORE LEISURE

when dirty little suits and play frocks are soaked bright and clean in Chipso's thick, safe suds. Chipso is not adulterated with harsh "dirt-cutting" ingredients or artificial bleaches. Chipso is fine, rich soap. It gently dissolves grease and loosens dirt quickly with creamy, SOAPIER suds.

*Chipso
makes washday
Easier
IN
THIS HOUSEHOLD OF
4 generations*

MADE IN
CANADA



YOUR HANDS STAY SMOOTH

when you do your dishwashing with Chipso. This shows you why Chipso is safe for your clothes. There is nothing harsh in Chipso. And you'll be amazed at how long your big, low-priced box of Chipso lasts for dishwashing. Chipso is rich—it makes suds that foam three inches deep in your pan until the last dirty dish is sparkling clean.